NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08235097 0

MEMORIAL

OF

REV. GEORGE B. LITTLE.

AN
(Little, G.)
- Memorial

MEMORIAL

OF

Rev. GEORGE B. LITTLE.

A Memorial

OF CLOSING SCENES

IN THE LIFE OF

Rev. GEORGE B. LITTLE.

"Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust."

Lyra Germanica.

RIVERSIDE PRESS:
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON,
CAMBRIDGE.
1861.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
731227 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1934 L

For their own private use, the friends of Mr. Little committed to paper, from day to day, the words which he uttered during his last illness.

They had no intention of giving these words to the press; nor would they do so now, were it not for the solicitation of his former parishioners.

Roxbury, Mass.,
April, 1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Introductory Sketch of Mr. Little's Life	11
Close of his Ministry in Bangor	29
Last Year at West Newton	39
Voyage to France, and Return	69
His Love of Music	95
Last Weeks of his Life	103
Funeral Services	153
Address by Rev. A. C. Thompson	159

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

George Barker Little was born in Castine, Maine, December 21, 1821. He was the youngest of the ten children of Otis and Dorothy P. Little.

His first instruction was received at the school in his native town, where for a time he was taught by one who, in after years, became a member of his congregation at Bangor, and who recalls with pleasure his proficiency and promise.

Mr. Little was in boyhood the subject of deep religious impressions. He was much affected by the death of two older brothers. Charles, a youth of eighteen years, was lost overboard in March, 1828, on the passage from New Orleans to Liverpool, — his first voyage. The other, William Avery Little, when about to enter the medical profession, was arrested by repeated attacks of hemorrhage from the lungs. After a lonely exile in Cuba, he came home to die. His end was hastened by the sudden removal of Charles. He died in August, the same year, at the age of twenty-two, with a

meek and trembling hope of salvation through the Redeemer. Before his death, he took the hand of his brother George, and besought him to prepare for heaven.

A few years after these bereavements Mr. Little became a Christian. His religious change had a great influence in persuading his father to embrace evangelical views. Both the father and the son made their profession of religion at Castine, on the same day, March 20, 1836.

Having pursued his academical course at Leicester, Mass., Mr. Little entered Bowdoin College in September, 1839, and was graduated in 1843.

Rev. G. M. Adams of Conway, Mass., who was one of his companions at Castine, as well as a friend in college, and in later years, writes as follows:

"My recollections of Mr. Little, from early youth, are of one who in all circles drew to himself the admiration and affection of his associates. In college he was the pride and favorite of his class. No one envied him the honors which easily flowed to him. His scholarship was thorough and accurate. He exhibited special fondness for classical, indeed for all linguistic studies, which he mastered with unusual ease. His rare felicity in the use of language, and the fascinating conversational power, with which the friends of his later years are familiar, were indicated indeed from the first, but were largely developed by these careful studies. He did

not relinquish such pursuits after entering upon professional life. As long as the state of his health permitted, he was in the habit of reading the classical authors as a diversion."

Rev. J. O. Means, of Roxbury, Mass., also a friend and classmate, says:

"From first to last, his religious character was decided. He enjoyed the great advantage of having for a long time aimed to enter the Christian ministry. After leaving college, Mr. Little taught in a classical school at Alexandria, Va. Here he translated and analyzed the most celebrated discourses of the French preachers. He made abstracts from them, and thus gained somewhat of the vivacity which characterized his own sermons.

"He entered the Theological Institution at Andover in 1846, and left it in 1849. These three years of his seminary life were the happiest which he had ever passed. They were also the most fruitful of good."

In his letter, already quoted, Mr. Adams says:

"Mr. Little shunned, rather than sought, prominence in the public eye. His estimate of his own gifts and attainments was very modest. Looking forward to the ministry, he said, in a familiar letter, 'I trust my prevailing and supreme desire is, to live and act where I can accomplish the most for God and the church. But I have a great horror of getting into some place not *mine;* and it seems to

me that some retired situation, like what I have alluded to, would most accord with both my taste and powers.'"

On hearing of his decease, Rev. Professor Putnam, of Dartmouth College, who was in the same class with Mr. Little at Andover, published the following record:

"Mr. Little was a man of refined and delicate culture, and a most tasteful and appreciating scholarship. Sensitive and sympathetic in his nature, he drew his friends closely to him, and was affectionately admired and loved as a pastor. He was by temperament somewhat reserved; sometimes self-distrustful; sometimes, especially under the pressure of ill health, despondent; ever shrinking instinctively from the harsh contact of colder and more obtrusive natures. Yet he was thoroughly earnest and resolute in the expression of his cherished beliefs, and took strong hold of all who came within his circle by the intellectual warmth and vitality of his discourse and his quiet yet fine enthusiasm. No one who has known him in private, or heard him in public, can forget the subdued intensity with which he would emphasize, in rapid and compressed and eager utterance, the truths he loved and wanted to enforce, yet always with a most genial and loving appreciation of all that was heartily said or felt by others.

"Not a few must be the minds that he has instructed and impressed and quickened by his rich

and various thought; not a few the hearts around which he has twined himself, and drawn them towards, or won them into, the Christian life. His seminary classmates will hear with sadness of the early death of one whom they loved and honored as the choicest of their number. Those among them who used to follow his animating lead in the chapel choir, will mourn that his voice is henceforth silent here, though only to

'Sing more sweet, more loud,'

in that better service of the upper temple."

Professor Park, one of his teachers at Andover, says:

"I first saw Mr. Little in October, 1846, at Belfast, Me. I was at once interested in his modest address and demeanor. Six weeks afterward I examined him for admission to the Seminary, and was delighted with the precise words which he used in translating a few passages of Virgil and Cicero. At all his subsequent recitations, he exhibited the truth in a definite outline. Nor was he less comprehensive than exact. His aim was to compass the entire science of theology, and to free himself from all narrow and narrowing prejudice. I feel grateful at every remembrance of his laborious researches, and of the stimulus which his example gave to his associates in study. He enunciated his ideas with rare distinctness, and gave a fine specimen of that

elocution which Dr. Porter loved to commend, and which consists in sending out every word as if it were a ball of bright silver. When he closed his theological course, I was affected by the lowly estimate which he placed upon his past attainments, and by the humble words which he uttered in view of his future progress. Many other men, with his acquisitions, would have been too self-confident; he might, perhaps, have enjoyed a longer life if he had not been too self-distrustful."

Rev. Dr. Dwight of Portland, Me., has written:

"I first saw Mr. Little when he was graduated at Bowdoin, and heard him deliver an oration marked by his vigor of thought and fine taste in composition. When he was completing his course at Andover I saw and heard him again, and to the same advantage. Afterwards I became personally acquainted with him, and have been ever forming the same high estimate of him as from the beginning, as of one whom the world could not willingly part with."

September 18, 1850, Mr. Little married Sarah Edwards, daughter of the late Rev. Elias Cornelius. In the preceding year, 1849, October 11, he had been ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Bangor, Me.

Of his ministerial life in that city, Rev. S. L. Caldwell, who was then pastor of the First Baptist

Church in the same place, writes: "His ministry in Bangor was well known to me. I welcomed its beginning, and, by the privilege of personal friendship rather than of ecclesiastical connection, was intrusted with the unwelcome announcement, to a sorrowing people, of its close. It was a ministry necessarily crippled, as it was shortened, by the infirmities of the body; but it was sustained to the end with power, with usefulness, with the growing and admiring love of his people. Mr. Little was a scholar in tastes and in attainments. He impressed a person, or a congregation, at once, as a cultivated man; and yet his culture did not overlay and dull his native sharpness. His mind was singularly keen, elastic, vigorous. He carried himself in the pulpit and in all public places with ease and self-possession, and delivered himself with a graceful and peculiarly awakening oratory. His preaching, while sufficiently doctrinal and practical, shot out into quickening allusions and illustrations on every side.

"There was a vast affection in the man, unknown to many, but which drew back upon himself attachments of great ardor. He died laden with unusual love. He was generous. His aptness and sharpness of wit was tempered by a genial spirit, which made him a most stimulating and enjoyable companion. He was of a most positive character. In his convictions he was earnest and strong, and they imparted strength and consistency to his piety.

That asserted itself always, and in his last days lifted his soul 'quite to the verge of heaven.'"

Mr. Adams thus concludes his letter respecting Mr. Little:

"I find special pleasure in recalling the last considerable interview I enjoyed with him. It was between one and two years before his death. We spent a week or more together in the rough life of the backwoods of New York. The Sabbath found us at an isolated public-house, the rendezvous of the hunters and boatmen of the vicinity. Towards night the household, to the number of twenty or thirty, came together, and Mr. Little spoke to them of the Saviour, and their personal need of an interest in his atoning death. I thought I had known Mr. Little before. But in the melting earnestness and directness of his appeal to those rough men, I gained a deeper respect, both for the versatility of his mind and the heartiness of his love to Christ.

"Those who knew Mr. Little best see most reason to mourn his early death. Up to the time when disease interrupted his plans, he had been steadily growing in effectiveness as a Christian minister. He had made himself familiar with what is most valuable in English, French, and German literature. His style, always genial and graphic, had gained terseness and logical force in the growing earnestness of his ministerial life. Experience had deepened his attachment to the vital truths of

the Christian faith; the doctrine of the Atonement, especially, he held with unusual fervor of confidence. That rare and graceful culture, that tempered keenness and polish of mind and manner, the quick discernment both of truth and of character, the refined taste, the delicate sympathy, the winning address, we were hoping the Master had prepared for services yet more eminent than any our friend had already fulfilled. He was fitted, as few men in the church are fitted, to win persons of liberal culture to his own clear and joyful views of Christ. But there was a plan more comprehensive than ours. 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

Rev. Professor D. T. Smith, of Bangor Theological Seminary, writes:

"There was in him a frankness of demeanor which at once awakened interest and inspired confidence. His heart looked out of his eyes, and the most ordinary discernment might read there the absence of whatever is base and selfish, and the habitual prevalence of sympathies deep, ardent, and comprehensive. A very brief intercourse with him was sufficient to disclose an imagination of unusual brilliancy and suggestiveness; an intellect clear, vigorous, penetrating, alert; a delicate and highly cultivated taste; the possession and command of a wide extent of knowledge, and a rare capacity for conveying it. . . . . For those who were upon terms of intimacy with him, to express themselves without

reserve respecting his character as a friend, would be to incur the suspicion that they were using the language of extravagant panegyric. There are not a few who can say that he had their heartiest trust, and that their trust in him was never disappointed. There are not a few who will always esteem it a ground of thankfulness to have been permitted to enjoy his friendship, who will carry to the grave among their choicest mental treasures the remembrance of the hours they spent in his society, and to whom it is among the attractions of the heavenly world that they hope to be reunited with him there.

"Nowhere did Mr. Little's religious character appear to so much advantage as in the most private and confidential intercourse, where he felt that he could freely unbosom himself without the least appearance of display. His intense abhorrence of everything of this sort, especially in regard to one's own religious emotions, appeared to lay him under a restraint, which could hardly have been otherwise than painful to one who was so ardent in his feelings, and who was ordinarily so open in the expression of them. In this way there is reason to believe that many whose acquaintance with him was only an external one, were led to regard his piety as marked by an undue predominance of the intellectual element over the emotional. But there were occasions when all reserve was banished, when the full heart demanded the relief of utterance, and the ear of private friendship was thrilled by outbursts

of grateful and adoring love to the Redeemer, which might well have sprung from the rapt and fervid spirit of à Kempis or Bernard. . . . .

"Without ever appearing to make the study of individual men a matter of particular attention, Mr. Little was well versed in human nature. Not many of his age were better acquainted with mankind in the gross. Not many could distinguish more accurately, in theory, varieties of character, or more successfully accommodate themselves in social intercourse to an extensive range of them, without any sacrifice of individuality or compromise of principle.

"Mr. Little was not one who had reason to apprehend the woe denounced against those of whom all men speak well. His advocacy of whatever he looked upon as the true and the right was open, earnest, and unyielding. Whatever appeared to him wrong or dishonorable awakened within him an abhorrence which he took no pains to conceal. He possessed, too, a power of sarcasm which, though wontedly kept under singular restraint by the force of that charity which hopeth and endureth all things, yet made itself sometimes felt by those who were impervious to every other weapon; and it was a thing very likely to be remembered.

"The charge of bigotry was sometimes brought against Mr. Little. But no man, with any fixed belief worth having, was ever less justly exposed to such a charge. For every form of doubt he had a kind and tender sympathy, save that form only which

is intolerant of any exercise by others of a calm and reposing faith. Such a faith he appeared habitually to have in exercise himself. Having felt his way down to the solid foundations upon which the assurance of the Christian must ultimately rest, he had come to the conclusion that there were no difficulties in religion to be compared with the difficulties of unbelief. Thus judging, and familiar with what the largest and most subtle intellects of all ages had done and had failed to do in speculating upon the deep things of God, he occupied himself less with the mysteries and difficulties of religion than might perhaps have been expected from a disposition so inquisitive and a mental power so keen. . . . .

"To all who had any degree of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Little, there was manifest on all occasions a profound dissatisfaction with his own performance of the duties pertaining to the sacred function. . . . . In accounting for this peculiarity, [whatever place may be given to other considerations,] no small prominence should be assigned to the clearness with which the truths he dealt with presented themselves to his mind, the force with which he grasped them, and the vast importance with which he apprehended them to be invested. The conceptions which he formed in earnest meditation upon those great themes, were such as even his own command of the resources of expression, ample as it appeared to be to others, utterly failed to do justice to. It was his to comprehend, as few

could do, the immense disproportion there must always be between eternal realities and the most expressive forms with which they ever can be clothed in language. And it was but natural that this disproportion should never appear to him so great as when he had concentrated his full power of thought upon the contemplation of a single point, and had then endeavored to convey to others the views of it which he had himself attained. . . . .

"The wisdom and the love, which devised and ordered all his trials, and which he never seemed to stand in doubt of here, are now fully disclosed to him in the light of those purposes accomplished, which they all along contemplated. And with what new and strange delight may we imagine him to be now bearing his part in the work assigned to the glorified above, no longer doubtful as to the service which he best can render, no longer distrustful of his capacities, or uneasy under the sense of their imperfect action, but receiving commands directly from the lips of the King of saints himself, and hastening to fulfil them in serene consciousness of the unrestrained and tireless exertion of an immortal vigor, with every affection of his being in the liveliest and purest exercise, and his will henceforth and forever fixed immutably in harmony with the will of the Supreme."

To illustrate the impression which Mr. Little made upon scholars who had not been acquainted

with him in his early youth, we quote the following letter from Rev. Professor Harris, also of Bangor Seminary:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Little commenced on my removal to this city in the fall of 1855. As he left us two years afterwards, my intercourse with him was limited. But there was something in him which drew me to him at once; and short as had been our acquaintance when he left, I keenly felt that I had lost from our circle here an endeared friend and a trusted helper.

"His mind was characterized by keen perception, penetration, and discrimination. His attainments in scholarship were unusual; they were especially remarkable, when it is considered that the weakness of his eyes had for years hindered, and at times entirely suspended, his studies. His scholarship procured for him a proposal to occupy a professorship in Amherst College, but the weakness of his eyes compelled him to decline an election. As a preacher he was thoughtful, perspicuous, definite, and bold. People knew what he meant, and knew that he was in earnest. His power was felt and acknowledged throughout the city. He had in a remarkable degree the love of his own congregation, until ill health obliged him to dissolve his happy connection with them, and seek a less laborious position. Their love followed him to the last. He is remembered by the population generally with high esteem.

"I shall not attempt an analysis of his character.

Indeed, I have never attempted to define to my own mind what it was in him which attracted me so strongly. All who knew him recognized warm and generous impulses, remarkably combined with clearness of thought, definiteness, promptness, decision, and steadfastness of purpose. His domestic virtues made him lovely and happy at home. Wit, intelligence, vivacity, and sympathy made him genial in social intercourse. His Christian faith and love will be manifest to all who read his memorial. He has gone before us to our Lord. May God make this memorial of his peaceful departure a comfort to the many who love him."

From a published letter of Rev. Professor Shepard of Bangor, we make the following extracts:

"Mr. Little was eight years pastor in this city, loved and cherished while he remained, and profoundly regretted by him and the people was the necessity which took him to another field. His removal from here was about three years since; less than a year since the Master called him to the higher presence and service. Mr. Little had all the accomplishments of the rarest culture; he showed a taste of the most tremulous sensitiveness, and yet he was direct, strong, penetrating in address. His sermons were chaste, terse, often powerful. They honored the Gospel, being replete with its truths, bearing forth to others its exhaustless riches; and when he turned his argument against the rationalistic as-

sailants or underminers of Christian doctrines, as he sometimes did, it was with an exposing and even demolishing efficacy. His blade used in these encounters was of the finest metal and the keenest edge. A thorough German scholar, and of extensive German reading, when his eyes served him, he understood the subtleties and the fallacies of these unsettling philosophies. The entire man in the pulpit constituted a perfect congruity: the style, manner, every motion and look and tone thereof were in absolute keeping; all concurring in the end he was striving to gain. It was this coalescence of qualities which woke the interest and deepened the impression. Sad the thought that we shall see him, hear him no more. Mr. Little's experiences and utterances in his sickness, and in the near approach of death, were such as to shed an added ray upon the dark and mysterious path. He entered upon it with doubts and fears and misgivings. He traversed it, especially toward the end, with firm and triumphant step. He went down into the vale characteristically; his expressions took the type of his own mind and heart, — everything was the man lifted higher in Christ, and under the Providence that was upon him.

"The description of a scene like that, where everything was so deep and fresh, so marked by the decisive traits of the sufferer, so savoring of the Divine presence and support, cannot fail to be useful and consolatory wherever it may go. It honors the Master, and gives strength to the disciples."

CLOSE OF MR. LITTLE'S MINISTRY IN BANGOR.

CLOSE OF MR. LITTLE'S MINISTRY IN BANGOR.

During the summer of 1857, after a residence of nearly eight years in Bangor, Mr. Little became convinced that he was physically unequal to the care of so large a church and congregation. A disease of the eyes, from which he had suffered four years, was, he thought, making rapid progress, and, with other symptoms of failing health, constrained him to seek relief by change of situation.

Before making any public announcement of his purpose, he often spoke in his family of the pain and perplexity he felt, in view of withdrawing from a relation which had been to him so dear and sacred. He knew not how to communicate with his people upon the subject. "No," he said, sometimes; "I shall never have the courage to do it, — *never*."

In September he was invited to become the pastor of the Congregational Church in West Newton, Mass. The comparative rest which he would find in a rural parish, and the pleasant impressions he had already received of this place, inclined him to regard the

proposition with favor. It seemed that the providence of God made his path plain, and with much prayer he followed the indication.

His people listened with sorrow to his letter of resignation, and accepted it with unfeigned reluctance. It was with a generous disinterestedness that they yielded to his request.

To a friend he wrote, after all was over, "You may well speculate in perplexity about my leaving Bangor. It is a long and painful story; painful, not because it tells of alienation, but of the sundering of ties which were increasingly strong and tender to the last, and which will doubtless remain so to the end of time. Never could a people have treated me more generously than they, while I was with them; and never could a people have parted with their pastor more nobly and gracefully."

On Sabbath, October 18, Mr. Little delivered a farewell discourse, from Isaiah 53: 1. — "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" In conclusion, he said:

"I feel my ministerial inefficiency and unfaithfulness more than ever, as I stand to-day at the close of eight years' professional labor among you. This chapter, thus sealed, can never be altered, never be blotted out. Whatever in it is good and desirable will forever remain, and will forever illustrate the goodness and the grace of Him in whom are all our springs, and from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed. Whatever

marks of imperfection, mistake, unfaithfulness, are to be found in this completed chapter, will always mar and disfigure it. We cannot erase those blots. For my own part, as they now stare me in the face in my backward reading, I can only find comfort in the penitence of an humbled heart, and the earnest cry for forgiveness, and the remembrance of that merciful assurance that 'where sin hath abounded, grace shall much more abound.'

"I cannot dwell — I have not the nerve — upon the pain of sundering such a relation as mine has been with you. The anticipation of it kept me long wavering and vacillating, even after my judgment was convinced that God was by his providence calling me away.

"To those of you who have been acquainted with the fluctuations of my health for the last year, my decision cannot seem sudden. Never did I give to a subject so careful, thorough, and prayerful deliberation, and never was I so conscious through the whole of desiring to do only that which my Master in heaven could approve.

"Whether I shall accomplish my object by the change, I cannot, of course, be infallibly sure. I confess that my hope is not very confident, nor are my expectations sanguine. God may be leading me into peril and conflict rather than rest and safety; but that he is leading me, I have a strong persuasion; and I am sure that, wherever he leads, it is both wise and safe courageously to follow.

"I must tell you how grateful I have always felt to you, and how I am more deeply and tenderly impressed now than ever with the kindness which in many ways I have experienced at your hands. When I stood in this pulpit, eight years ago, timid and trembling, crude and inexperienced as I was, just from my quiet nest in the Seminary, and preached the first sermon after my ordination, I said, 'Were it not for my confidence in the officers of this church, — were it not for my confidence in the generosity of this people, — I never could have ventured on the step I have taken.' I now say gladly, and without the least reservation, that the confidence in the officers of this church, expressed eight years ago, was not misplaced. Great reason have I to thank them, as I now do publicly, for that singular deference and affection which they have uniformly shown towards me. May they long be spared to the service of religion here!

"The same testimony I can honestly, and do cheerfully, render to the considerate and friendly treatment which I have ever received from you all. Very few ministers, I am persuaded, can look back upon eight years of such uninterrupted harmony, and such a delightful pastoral relation.

"It is not by numerical statistics that we learn the power and value of such intercourse as mine has been with you. The silent, subtle influence, favorable or otherwise, upon your opinions, tastes,

character, and destiny, proceeding not only from my public appeals, but also from your contact with me in the various walks of private and social life; in scenes of joy and sorrow, at the bridal and at the burial; this influence, though possibly not consciously great at any one time, will work for good or ill not only in you, but in others over whom you have power, and that forever. Such results of any minister's labors are for God alone to estimate. Eternity will be the measure of them.

"The scenes which I shall remember longest, and with the most tender interest, will be those of affliction and sorrow, in which I have borne a part since I became your pastor: the chambers of disease and death which have been gilded with the brightness of an anticipated heavenly glory. And here, too, I have reaped the fairest rewards of my professional life; not in the pulpit, but in the chamber of the sick and dying, and from their greetings; from the smile that has sometimes irradiated their pale faces as I approached the bedside, the attenuated hand extended to grasp mine, the manifest satisfaction with which they would lay hold upon some sweet word of the blessed Gospel which I repeated, and the unaffected request that I would call often. In my introductory sermon I find these words: 'It will be well for a minister, and a crown of glory to him, if his presence in the chamber of sickness be hailed with delight; if the words of his prayer and of his counsel shall give strength and courage to the spirit that

is passing away from its earthly tenement.' What I then wrote as the dictate of my judgment, I now repeat with emphasis, — devoutly will I bless God for it! — as a part of my own experience. Next to the approving smile of my Lord above, this is what my soul has craved; this is what will ever be one of the sweetest pledges that my ministerial life has not been quite in vain.

"And now, as I look round about upon you all, and forward to the possibilities of the next eight years, I see that some of the places you now occupy, how many I know not, but some of them, will surely be vacant. And I need to run my eyes but a few years beyond that, to find all our places vacant. For Death, how insatiable and how busy he is! All the partings, all the changes in this life, are but the prelude, as they ought to be, to the preparation for that final separation; a separation which is at the same time a reunion with the dear ones who have died in the Lord and gone before us; gone before to herald our approach, and to lay up for us a treasure in the heavenly world.

"It is a solemn, it is a mysterious thing to die. It is an experience with which no living man intermeddles. The loneliness, the isolation, the strict and absolute individuality of that experience is, to me, a most impressive fact. 'It is a very different thing,' said a dying friend to me not long ago, 'to see another approaching the grave, step by step, from what it is to be conscious that it is you yourself.'

Each man dies as truly for himself, and alone, as if no great army had gone before him, and as if the gateway to the spirit-world were not every day filled with a crowd thronging through together. But whatever it may be to die, how easy or how hard soever, we shall soon know just what it is. And when I think how gladly I would be of service to you all, living or dying, I cannot help asking, who will be with you when you die? Some kind physician, no doubt; some man of God, if you wish, to help you with his teachings and his prayers; dear kindred and friends to soothe you with a thousand kind offices, and with the sympathy of breaking hearts and weeping eyes. God grant that the circumstances of your departure may afford all those comforts. But who else will be there? Will you need no one else? Will you not turn your imploring eyes hither and thither for some one else? I think so. I am sure it will be so with me. Oh, if in that hour I cannot find Him, the blessed, the almighty Jesus, not only in my dying chamber, but in my heart; if I cannot persuade myself, — and ah! what is more important, *have reason* to persuade myself, — that he is mine, and I am his, it will be dreadful, it will be appalling, to die. And as I have ever testified to you, so will I repeat it as my maturest conviction, growing stronger to this hour, that the only good ground for hope and joy in death is a heart and life devoted to Christ.

"I can only, in conclusion, exhort you not to

lose heart, but to be courageous and hopeful, trusting ever in that God who has hitherto helped you, and who will not desert you now. I implore you to cultivate still, and now more than ever, that spirit of harmonious coöperation, which has always characterized you as a society.

"Of this I am sure, that 'the Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you.'"

LAST YEAR AT WEST NEWTON.

LAST YEAR AT WEST NEWTON.

Mr. Little had been installed at West Newton, November 12, 1857. The hope which he had cherished of regaining his health was disappointed. During the spring and summer of 1859, he suffered from increasing feebleness. The affection of his eyes, which had now continued nearly six years, appeared like a confirmed malady, and in other respects his health declined. "This mysterious debility," he said; "it seems as if it would consume my very existence." . . . . "I think I begin to understand what God is preparing for me. I have thought I must wait for health, before I could serve God; but I have concluded that what I have to do is to devote to the Lord what strength I have."

The time of some member of the family was always at Mr. Little's disposal for reading; yet he often preferred to spend hours in silence. He once remarked, — "This condition of my eyes is very depressing; but it is a good time for me to look at

the things which are unseen and eternal. . . . . I am finding out that there are other and better teachers than books."

His frequent petition at the family altar was — "May we be prepared for the days of darkness and evil which are surely coming, the days of weakness and decay, — for any cup which our heavenly Father may be mingling for us."

One of the last discourses which he was able to write was from James 4: 14, — "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." The following are extracts from this sermon:

"Almost every day brings with it some illustration of the truth of the text. Consider the changes, startling and unexpected, which a few short hours will sometimes effect; — some friend talking with you to-day, in all the elation of health and hope, — his mind teeming with plans for the future, — to-morrow in his coffin; a battle issuing in the death of thousands of brave men in full life, and a change in the political destiny of a whole continent; a bright and gay family suddenly overcast with gloom, the sound of the viol exchanged for wailing, from some calamity which an hour has brought forth. In these, and a thousand other forms, God is impressively illustrating before our eyes the shortness of our sight. 'Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.'" . . . . "It is a mercy that we do not know the future; and this whether it is to be prosperous or adverse. For if prosperous,

the knowledge of it would have a tendency to elate the mind, and throw it from a healthy balance, lead to a neglect of those means and conditions on which prosperity is ordinarily suspended, and thus, if possible, frustrate the very purpose of God. . . . .

"Again, and preëminently, it is a mercy that we do not know the future, if it is to bring for us adversity, trial, and sorrow. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' How often is it the case, when a man has labored to the end of some great achievement, that we hear him say, as he looks back upon the painful way through which he has travelled, 'If I had known what was before me when I undertook that work, I never should have had the courage for it.' It was a mercy to himself, it was a blessing to the world, that it was hidden from him. How greatly the world would be the loser, if men always knew what was in reserve for them. How such knowledge would cool enthusiasm, quench courage, and relax the hand of enterprise. And how it would precipitate coming sorrows, and ripen our griefs before the time, and multiply our pangs, and smite the soul with a very paralysis of terror, if we had ever before our eyes the vision of that suffering which the future will very likely make actual to us. Oh, who would rend the veil, and gaze upon the reality? Who would pry open the lids of the sealed book? Who would by anticipation taste beforehand the cup which is preparing for us in the hand of God, and which is to be put to our lips at the

appointed hour? We will labor and pray to be prepared for the cup, with whatever bitter ingredients it may be mingled, and strengthened for the appointed baptism, though it be as if all the billows were rolling over us.

"It is an unspeakable comfort that God knows the future, and appoints it. Nothing can take him by surprise. He foresees everything, orders everything. How dismal if it were not so; if we were forced to think ourselves the sport of blind chance, or helplessly bound to the iron car of cold unintelligent laws. What a blessed comfort, on the contrary, to know that the actual ruling Intelligence is the God of our Bible and our Christianity; a Being by whom all prosperity is skilfully adjusted to the best interests of the whole, and — what is more to our purpose — a Being by whom all adversity is not only adjusted to the best interests of the whole, including the sufferer himself, but tenderly adjusted to that sufferer's weakness. 'He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.' And what I want you to think of now is, that He always knew it; and to feel what a sweetness there is in this reflection, that whatever burden is now pressing heavily upon you, or whatever trial is in store for you, has been from all eternity a matter of deliberation in God's mind, and lying through all those ages upon his kind, paternal heart. And if there is something solemn, almost fearful, in this deliberate eternal purpose, there is great comfort in it

too; for a policy so long considered by a Being of such infinite wisdom, must be a wise, must be the best policy. . . . . He who loveth his children with an unspeakable tenderness knows all their trials, and has always known them; for he ordered them, and has had all that time to adjust the keenness of the blast to the weakness of the lamb. . . . .

"Our ignorance of the future should teach us our dependence upon God. . . . . It is right, it is eminently wise, to form plans reaching far into the future, and requiring many years for their fulfilment, — provided they have a reference to the will and honor of God, and to the good of our fellow-men. The man who, in the formation and execution of his plans of life, is seeking to conspire with the will of God, is sure to succeed. His expectations will not perish, for the will of the Lord is sure to be accomplished. Full success may not come during his brief lifetime. But the plans of such a man stretch beyond this life; and when he dies he bequeathes them to those of like spirit, and these labor upon them, and carry them still farther towards completion. Indeed, the plans of such a man are, by the very supposition, not his plans, but God's. . . . .

. . . . "There are great truths in respect to which to-morrow shall be as to-day. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Sin is the same hateful thing to-day as when it was first conceived; it will always be hateful. God's hostility to sin will ever be the same, — never diminished. Yes, my

hearers, from to-day on through the future, even to the day of judgment, these things are the same, and we may know them. Happy are we, if we rightly improve this knowledge. Then may we know and be persuaded, that He whom we love and serve will keep our souls unto that day, and crown us with eternal glory in heaven."

In August he was suddenly and severely ill. He said, — "I am certain that I have some serious internal disease. My life is nearly gone. I have seen my best days, and shall soon be in my grave." He expressed earnest desires for life. "I should like to live, if the Lord has more work for me to do."

An intimate friend of Mr. Little, and his classmate at Andover Theological Seminary, died in October, 1859. It was the first death in that class.

In a letter dated December 3, 1859, Mr. Little says to a mutual friend, also a classmate: "Which of our little band will go next? I confess I think of Field almost with a feeling of envy; partly, I suppose, from the effects of ill health, but partly too, I hope, from the working of the good Spirit of God. I contemplate with more and more satisfaction the fulfilment of that sweet promise of our Lord, John 14: 3, and follow with hearty congratulations those who die in the faith. To be clean escaped from the corruptions and wearisome crucial experiences of this world, to be present with the

Lord and like him, with such companions and such employments as heaven will furnish, — is it not to be longed for?

'Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!'

But it is good to labor, and suffer, and strive to honor the Master here below, and to persuade men to be reconciled to God."

December 17, he wrote: "Oh, for twenty years of robust health, a distinct, God-commissioned work, and a springing, tireless enthusiasm. And yet what would the world, or the church, or the cause of truth gain by it? This is the question which often brings me to my bearings, and quells the tumult of my desire for health. My health, or my life, appears to me less and less important, as affecting the current of the world's affairs, and the great cause of the Redeemer. God, I hope, does sometimes hear my prayers and cries, and has given me something better than health, — the sweet inward pledge, if I am not deceived, that I am his child. My heavenly Father has faithfully done his part towards thoroughly teaching me the religious uses and advantages of disappointment."

Again he said: "My earthly future is unpromising and cheerless enough to a man of any literary taste, or scholarly aspiration, or ambition for efficiency and achievement. If, as seems probable, I must only 'stand and wait,' and if so I can serve my God, and honor Him whom I adore above every

other name, I trust through grace I shall be content."

Throughout this period Mr. Little's conversation indicated a frequent contemplation of things above. "My thoughts," he said, "are much upon going to my heavenly home." Incidents, not much noticed at the time, are remembered now, which show this tendency of his mind. One day, when a friend, who was ever thoughtful in attentions to his pastor, had done him a kindness, Mr. Little said, in his own pleasant way, "We 'll talk of it when we get to heaven."

On the last Sabbath evening in August, as he sat near the window, and watched the going down of the sun, he proposed that we should sing the hymn, —

"Nearer, my God, to thee." [1]

As we were about commencing the last verse, he said, "Sing faster now"; and then, with energy of expression, his voice, before weak and tremulous, rose into a clear, sweet tenor, as we sang the inspiring words, —

"Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

[1] "Sabbath Hymn Book," Hymn 908.

The Sabbath Hymn Book became the constant companion of his devotions. He often sat in his arm-chair in the study, with the volume open before him, and his eyes closed. Some months after, he said, "This book has been the means of great good to me."

Alluding to his recent illness, he wrote thus, November 11, 1859: "In the worst stage of my bodily health I was not unhappy; but, on the contrary, was never less agitated about myself; never more willing, I think, to lie quietly in the hands of God; never had a livelier sense of the reality and sweetness of the personal relation that subsists between Jesus and his disciples. It is more and more my aim to reproduce in my own religious history that kind of intercourse with the blessed Lord Jesus which the evangelists have so beautifully recorded, and which I believe to be no less our privilege than that of the first disciples, — simple, childlike, unconstrained, and yet most certainly meek and reverential. I confess that, for myself, I know of no more excellent way by which a Christian may gain the utmost of comfort, strength, and purity."

As the winter advanced, Mr. Little became extremely sensitive to the cold. He was always hoarse after preaching, and sometimes coughed. He one day put his hand upon his chest, saying, "I think I shall have consumption. I believe there are indications that my lungs are diseased." He was advised to travel in Europe; and his mind was much en-

gaged upon plans which for years he had entertained, in hope of making such a tour.

On Friday evening, December 30, he preached the sermon preparatory to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was to be administered on the next Sabbath. His discourse was from Colossians 3: 1, 2, — "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."

This sermon was mostly extemporaneous. His animation of manner and voice in speaking of "the society of heaven" as one of "those things" to be sought "above," and the delight with which he uttered his own anticipations of it, cannot fail to be remembered by those who listened to his words. He repeated impressively the sublime passage in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews:

"But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels,

"To the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect,

"And to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant."

In concluding, he said: "The instinct of the renewed soul is to seek those things which are above. Such a disposition is fitted to keep the soul always

tranquil, hopeful, courageous. There is no such foundation for courage as this. It is more than all the world against us. Disappointment is impossible. Whatever we lose, there is always something left, which far outweighs that which is gone. We cannot be impoverished. And, what is more, it will increase our moral power as Christians.

"But if we will not set our affection on heavenly things in time of prosperity, if we will not heed the calls of God in the Scriptures, the many declarations of the emptiness of this world, then, unless he will give us up to be filled with the fruit of our own devices, he will try another method. If we cannot or will not adjust the relations of both the heavenly and the earthly, then he will take away from us the earthly, that we may by stress of circumstances, by the very necessity of the soul's having something to love and lean upon, seek as we ought the heavenly. Alas, that we should ever put God our heavenly Father to this alternative! But when we do, blessed be his name that he will be faithful with us, and true to his covenant; that he will smite, and will not stay his hand for our much crying.

"As we are so soon to commence a new year, shall we not inquire whether, as the months and years roll on, we are conscious that the world is conquering us, or whether we are gaining greater and greater ascendency over the world? — whether we are becoming more heavenly-minded? God grant

that this may be true of us all; for then, when He who is our Life shall appear, and we appear with him in glory, those things that have animated, strengthened, and delighted us here, though apprehended only by faith, shall be the themes of our eternal meditation and song."

The following Sabbath was the first day of the year 1860. In the forenoon Mr. Little preached from Matthew 11 : 15, — "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Referring to the ways by which God speaks to men, he said:

"My hearers, let no event of your life, no unforeseen change in your fortunes, be considered commonplace, meaningless, or limited to itself in importance. It has a deep and wide-reaching significancy. It is solemn, for God is in it. He speaks to you through it.

"It invests the life and destiny of every man with an awful seriousness, to think that he is the object of a divine care and solicitude, that the great God is ever near him, ever surrounding him with his personal presence, ever in communication with him. And do you think that such a truth harmonizes well with an indifferent or frivolous habit? Is it not probable that God is speaking to us through some event of our life, or inner experience of the soul, far oftener than we think? And if he speaks to you, my friends, and you do not hear, if it be not your crime, it will be your calamity. If he

speaks, it is always with a design, for he doeth nothing in vain. . . . .

"How kind, then, and seasonable, are those admonitions of God, which are fitted to arouse men, and constrain them to attend to their dearest and most lasting interests. . . . .

"Such an admonition as that of the text is timely, because of the mode in which God oftenest speaks to men. It is not in a tone of thunder. It is oftener in a voice so small that a little inattention will miss it.

"Finally, let me say that the time for hearing to any good purpose will soon be over. And does not this add urgency to the command of the text, and make it worth your while to regard and obey it? In every mode of his communication with you, God calls you first of all to repentance, to a rational and godly life. Have you ever recognized this appeal? Have you ever with all the heart responded to it? If not, be warned in season. God still calls with gracious and fatherly accent. How long he will bear with you, if you refuse to hear, I know not. But this I know, for God hath so declared, that if men will not hear the words of admonition and the invitations of grace, they must hear the thunders of judgment and condemnation."

In the afternoon Mr. Little preached from Romans 6: 1, 2, — "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid: how shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

In conclusion, he said: "We rejoice, my brethren, do we not, in the doctrines of grace? And well we may. We do well to glory in this: that God does not require us to make expiation for our own sins, but has laid that awful burden upon another, even upon Jesus, the Son of his love. On this great central truth of all right theology we rest our souls. In hours of our trouble and anguish we turn confidingly to this mighty Saviour, believing that if his love for us was equal to the willing endurance of the bitter cross, then will he be compassionate, and forward to deliver us from minor evils, or at least he will temper them with a sweet comfort. Thus does this view of God's method of grace cheer and strengthen us in life, and we expect that it will refresh our souls in death, giving us then a quiet peace, if not rapture and triumph. Oh, what shall we render unto God for his unspeakable gift! and what tongue is competent to recount the number, or express the richness, of those blessings which flow to us from that sacrifice."

These were Mr. Little's last words from the pulpit.

He returned to his study exhausted, and, after a long silence, remarked: "I have an impression that this will be an eventful year for us; I think that I shall either be in Europe or in heaven."

But in the course of a few days he appeared to be in better health than for a long time previous. There was in all his movements an unwonted elasticity, his mind acted with more than its ordinary

alacrity, and his countenance was bright with the hope of returning vigor.

Friday, January 6, was intensely cold; yet he spent most of the day in walks about his parish, and visits to some afflicted persons.

In the evening he attended the weekly prayer-meeting, and made remarks upon the first ten verses of the tenth chapter of Romans. He spoke of the utter hopelessness of the sinner's state if perfect obedience should be the condition of salvation, and dwelt with joyful earnestness upon the freeness of the pardon granted to those who believe in Jesus. His appearance throughout was unusually animated.

As he was about closing his eyes in sleep, he coughed violently, and a stream of blood poured from his mouth. He was entirely tranquil. As soon as he could speak, he said, "I do not feel the least alarm. Once this would have filled me with agitation. This blood is from my lungs. I feel it; it comes from *deep down*. I have long been preparing for this." At intervals he said, "I have anticipated some sudden, fatal development. It is good to be always ready. I shall never preach again, I think. You remember what I said to you last Sabbath afternoon, that I should this year be either in Europe or in heaven."

It was proposed to send a neighbor for a physician; but he replied, "No; wait till morning;" at the same time expressing his unwillingness to disturb others. He was awake most of the night, but seldom

spoke. Once he exclaimed, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "The dear children!" And again: "My poor sisters! this will be dreadful to them." After a pause, he added: "My people will be utterly discouraged, to have had two pastors prostrated by the same disease."[1]

Early in the morning he said, "I want to see the dear children." As they stood weeping beside him, he kissed them, and told them that he was very sick, that perhaps he should die, and added, "You must love Jesus a great deal."

His condition appeared so critical, that he was advised to refrain from conversation, and not to speak above a whisper. He did not suffer pain, and often alluded to the goodness of God in permitting him to be so comfortable. "I have nothing to do," he said, "but to bless the Lord. Our trials are nothing at all compared with those of many persons."

The comforts which Mr. Little enjoyed in his sickness quickened that delicate appreciation of the privations and sorrows of others for which he had always been remarkable. His ready sympathy, his

[1] Rev. Joseph P. Drummond was ordained over the church in West Newton, January 2, 1856. In less than a year the encroachments of a pulmonary disease compelled him to remove to a milder climate. After one winter's residence in Aiken, S. C., he returned in the summer of 1857, to spend only a few months preliminary to his final departure. He died in the place of his nativity, Bristol, Me., November 23, 1857, at the age of thirty-three.

Mr. Drummond and Mr. Little were classmates in college, and were together at Andover during a part of their theological course.

cheering words, and generous aid, had ever made him a welcome visitor in the homes of the needy. To those who toiled in solitude for their daily bread, to the sick and afflicted, the aged especially, he had been a valued friend; and now that he was himself upon the bed of languishing, he received the blessing promised to him that considereth the poor.

Sabbath morning, January 8, the hemorrhage returned. He asked to have the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm read, remarking, "That 's *my* Psalm."

It was said to him, "It is sad to see you so feeble."

"But this is life," he replied. "You must remember, 'That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.' Perhaps this is the best way in which I can glorify God. If it is, I am willing to have it so. This sickness has given me great courage. I have wanted some new test in my own case of the power of religion to sustain, and now I am satisfied."

When told that one of his favorite hymns had been sung by the congregation that day, his face lighted up as he said, "I wonder if they sang it well"; and he was gratified on being assured that the singing would have been pleasant to him.

He expressed a wish to write a few lines to "the dear Bangor friends."

"But you are too weak; some one else will do it for you."

"No; bring me a pencil and paper. I must write that note myself."

With a trembling hand he wrote these words:

"I am strangely tranquil. I hope it is my religion that makes me so. I think it is. Christ is all and in all to me, not only theoretically, but I think also experimentally and consciously.

"Please remember me in your prayers, and ask the dear brethren of that church we love so well to pray that, living or dying, I may be prepared the more effectually to glorify God."

Every morning he greeted his friends with a bright smile and affectionate words.

January 9, he held the following conversation with one of his family: "I think I shall die in one of these attacks of bleeding. I have a feeling of suffocation. You may as well prepare for the worst."

"You will think of us if you should go first."

"Yes, indeed, — and the dear children! I believe they will be converted. We shall all soon be in eternity. The time will be short at the longest."

"What trials you have had, and how patient you are."

"Oh, don't! I have had very little to try my patience as yet. The margin has not begun to be filled up. I can bear this very well for a few days, but I fear that I shall grow impatient. I do not think I shall get well, because I think God sees

that I should forget him if restored to health. But it is a very different thing to die one's self from what it is to see other people die."

Some passages of Scripture were read to him. When he heard the words, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body," he exclaimed, "Yes, that is a precious text. Will you read to me Baxter's beautiful hymn?"

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

"If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey:
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.

"Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

"Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

"My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him."

"That is a sweet hymn," he said; "*my* hymn. The last verse is very sweet."

In the evening he whispered, "Blessed, blessed hope! Blessed Saviour! He will save us; there is no reason to doubt it, — not the least. What condescension he showed to the poor Magdalene."

January 12, in the latter part of the day, his symptoms indicated a return of bleeding. He lay quietly with closed eyes. At length he was heard to whisper, "Oh, precious, glorious Gospel! — That great cloud of witnesses! — How blessed a thing to be in full sympathy with them: a most animating thought."

"They have all passed through the same struggle."

"Yes! most comforting thought."

Soon he said, "I wish you would write to C—— for me."

"What shall I say?"

"Give my love to dear C——. Tell him I have felt for him in his affliction; and I trust he finds abundant consolation in the Saviour's love, which in my trial I find more precious than ever."

He then asked to hear the hymn —

"The pangs of death are near
Amid the joys of life;"[1]

[1] "Sabbath Hymn Book," Hymn 1203.

and also the one beginning

> "Oh, speak to me of Jesus! other names
> Have lost for me their interest now."[1]

January 17, he said: "I wish I could tell you my thoughts about Christ." And again: "This has been a blessed sickness to me. I think the Lord is preparing me either for increased usefulness, for great trouble, or for death. I think God may have something more for me to do here, and if so I shall be very glad to do it. Oh, would it not be a work of divine grace, if I could have a good heart in a sound body?"

"I remember," says one, recently, "how beautifully he spoke in that illness, in January, of his mental conflicts, and of his confidence that God was 'preparing him for something, — we did not know what.'"

He often wished to hear the following hymn, from the Lyra Germanica, Second Series:

> "Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light,
> My strength by day, my trust by night,
> On earth I 'm but a passing guest,
> And sorely with my sins oppressed.
>
> "Far off I see my fatherland,
> Where through Thy grace I hope to stand;
> But ere I reach that Paradise
> A weary way before me lies.

[1] "Sabbath Hymn Book," Hymn 434.

"My heart sinks at the journey's length,
My wasted flesh has little strength;
Only my soul still cries in me,
Lord, fetch me home, take me to Thee!

"Oh, let Thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour;
Thy prayer refresh and comfort me,
Thy bonds and fetters set me free!

"That thirst and bitter draught of Thine
Help me to bear with patience mine;
Thy piercing cry avail my soul,
When floods of anguish o'er me roll!

"And when my lips grow white and chill,
Thy Spirit cry within me still,
And help my soul Thy heaven to find,
When these poor eyes grow dark and blind!

"And when the spirit flies away,
Thy parting words shall be my stay,
Thy cross the staff whereon I lean,
My couch the grave where Thou hast been.

"Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust;
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

"And when the last great Day is come,
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And set me then upon Thy right.

"Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
That like the sun it there may shine,
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.

"Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When singing with the angel's choir,
Among the ransom'd of thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face!"

M. Behemb. 1606.

This hymn he committed to memory, and always spoke of it as "my German hymn," or "my dear old German hymn."

Mr. Little was urgently advised to seek a change of climate, as the most hopeful means of regaining health. Notwithstanding all the premonitions of long-continued illness which he had while prostrated by the first indications of disease in his lungs, he did not escape the illusive influence of that disease. As he began to regain a degree of elasticity, he was disposed to think that he should soon be able to derive benefit from a sojourn in the south of Europe. For a time he allowed himself to form plans for making this tour in company with Mrs. Little, or, if not with her, with an intimate friend. But his own wishes and those of his family were mysteriously overruled. Circumstances, which need not be here detailed, compelled him to the conclusion that, if he went, he must go unattended. The words of a consulting physician in Boston: "Better go alone than not to go at all," and "I do not consider it necessary that Mr. Little should have a travelling-companion," had, as it now seems, undue influence, and his decision was taken.

Early in February he wrote to a friend: "On Saturday, for the first time in four weeks, I sat down to dinner with the family: a blessed privilege, for which we heartily thanked God, and ate our meat with a special gladness. At the same time I have many a feeling that all is not right, and that the silver cord may be snapped at any moment. . . . . I do not wonder that you wonder, how I am going to Europe. As to a companion, my wife's going is entirely out of the question. It is most likely, from present appearances, that for a companion I shall have to content myself with One who said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' . . . . Were it not for that sweet promise, and such precious words as Psalm 139: 9, 10, — 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thine hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me,' — were it not for the hope which my physicians encourage me to entertain, that I may come back with a strength to which I have long been a stranger, — a strength which I am sure I mean to consecrate to my Saviour, — I could not, I would not, take a step in this direction."

In the same letter he thus alludes to the bereavement of a mutual friend:

"I commend her to that adorable, tender, and almighty Lord, who is more willing to bind up than to bruise. These trials, deaths, bereavements, are among the methods by which God will make our

release easy, increasing the attractions of heaven, and loosing the earth's hold upon us."

To a member of his church, who was afflicted by the death of a brother, Mr. Little wrote, February 8: "Be assured I have not forgotten you in these days of your trial. It has been a real grief to me that I could not offer you the services which, if I were well, you could so reasonably have expected from me, and which I should have been so glad to render. In this disappointment, my chief comfort has been the same which I doubt not has been and will be your consolation and support: the assurance that our trials are the appointment of One who is infinitely wise and infinitely compassionate. How much better to have our affairs managed by such a Father in heaven, than to have the responsibility placed upon our own shoulders. If God were to offer to give up the control of our destiny to our short sight and poor wisdom, who would not quickly give it back into his hands? I am sure I would. Steadily and kindly and wisely is he preparing us for our transfer from his kingdom on earth to his kingdom and our everlasting home in heaven. One of his methods of securing this preparation is by removing to that heavenly home those we have loved here, with whom the hope of being reunited will make our own death the easier. May we so live as to be abundantly fitted for a blessed reunion with all the elect, who, with robes made white in the blood of the Lamb, shall sing and shine in the

presence of God forever. Hoping soon to be able to see you, believe me your sincere friend."

February 10, he wrote to one whose constant efforts to cheer him had touched his heart: "God bless you for your last letter. You do not know what a comfort it was to me, and what a burden it took from my poor, weak, faithless spirit. I am 'a fool and slow of heart to believe' that, if God bring one to the borders of the Red Sea, he will make a safe passage through. Your friendship for me is a constant marvel. I shall not worry myself, however, with efforts to explain it. As with the mysteries of our blessed religion, I am content with an assurance of the fact. I hope you know that I not only highly prize your love, but heartily reciprocate it."

To a friend in New York he wrote, February 14: "God has dealt rigorously with me, and yet I believe I can truly say that for nothing do I thank him more heartily than for his chastisements. . . . . I have not been without literary ambition. To deserve and gain a respectable place among the 'goodly fellowship' of scholars was the dear hope of my youth. But my plans for study God has repeatedly shivered into fragments, and given me the tears of disappointment for my meat day and night. It is humiliating to think that my perverse and wicked heart needed such a trial. It will be more humiliating if I fail to heed and improve it."

Mr. Little was unwilling to leave his people at

West Newton exposed to the disadvantages which they might experience from the long absence of a pastor, and he felt it incumbent on him to resign his office. This he did in a letter which was presented to his church and society on the third Sabbath in February. He was, however, induced to withdraw the resignation.

A clergyman who called upon Mr. Little, February 23, wrote to a mutual friend: "I cannot tell you how he seems, except that he seems both weak and strong. The old fire is there, but it burns low. His spirit will not have to brook that confinement many years, I fully believe."

To a sister Mr. Little wrote, February 24: "It is an unspeakable comfort to me that I am in God's hands, and that he will order my steps. After a few years more of this troubled and mysterious life, the blessed Saviour will come for us. Till then, let it be our aim to serve him faithfully. Beyond this we need have no anxiety."

Mr. Little was to sail from New York on Saturday, March 3, in the steamer Arago, for Havre. The morning of Thursday, the day when he was to leave West Newton, was made cheerless by a cold storm. As he took his seat at the breakfast-table, he said, with a smile, "Well, M——, dear, the Lord reigns." To a question from one of his children, he replied, "Just as God pleases, dear." During the family devotions he was deeply moved. Intense feeling made him paler than usual. He asked to have

the ninety-first Psalm read, and then breathed forth a childlike surrender of himself, his family, and people into the hands of God. His last care at West Newton was to finish some letters to individuals in his parish, for whose religious welfare he felt an especial solicitude. As his trunk was about to be closed, he was asked if he wished to take the Sabbath Hymn Book. "Yes," he replied; "I cannot do without that." Before he drove away from the house, a friend uttered the exclamation, "How can I endure to have you go to Europe alone!" "But," he replied, "I shall not go alone. You know who said, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'"

VOYAGE TO FRANCE, AND RETURN.

VOYAGE TO FRANCE, AND RETURN.

The first day of his journey Mr. Little went as far as Springfield, and remained there until the noon of Friday. In the morning he spent some hours with a brother of his immediate predecessor at West Newton. This gentleman[1] writes of the interview: "We talked but little directly of religious matters, and yet I recall many sweet expressions of submission to the will of the great Master. Those hours are among my precious memories. It was only a rich, affectionate, and tender nature that could so strongly affect me in so brief a time."

Mr. Little reached New York on Friday afternoon. "How well I have borne this journey," he said; "it is because the Lord has helped me. I am sure it is God's grace alone which supports me." After his return from France, he remarked, "How wonderfully I was sustained and cheered in that journey to New York!"

In the morning, after a sad and wakeful night,

[1] Rev. James Drummond.

he said, "Please read to me the fourteenth chapter of John." He then offered prayer. When he prayed for his children, his voice became choked with sobs, and for some moments he could not speak. Afterwards he prayed for himself: "Be with thy servant who goes forth alone into this exile. Sustain him in this bitter separation. Fulfil unto him, blessed Saviour, thine own promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

Before going on board the steamer he said, "My going to Europe is like entering the kingdom of heaven, — 'through much tribulation.' I little thought that such an experience was the way in which Providence would open the door."

To a relative he remarked, "My long-cherished desire is about to be accomplished; but I have been brought to it through great sufferings. . . . . I have been near the gates of death, but I have been kept in perfect peace."

In his only letter written on board the Arago, he says:

"When we were fairly adrift, I began to feel the loneliness of my situation. Almost every one but myself seemed to have some companion. I was not long, however, in recollecting that a dearer than any earthly friend was nearer to me at that moment than any other being could be."

Of his first Sabbath at sea he wrote:

"I spent most of the day in my room, reading in my precious copy of the Testament and

Psalms, and in The Young Cottager; thinking of the dear ones at home, and committing myself and them to our dear Saviour. My Testament lies on the same little shelf with the pictures. They will all grow more precious to me every day during my absence. . . . . Oh, the sweet influences and precious associations of a Christian home. Thank God for mine! May I again know its blessedness."

In his diary he wrote:

"*March* 7. — My great solace is to think of my dear family whom I have left behind me, and of my blessed Saviour.

"*March* 11. *Sabbath.* — 'This is the day the Lord hath made.' May he help me to 'rejoice in it and be glad.' My heart aches for the poor people on board, who are living with such low and inadequate aims. . . . . I had some refreshing conversation this evening with Mr. L——, as we sat on deck watching the waters brilliant with phosphorescence. . . . .

"*March* 17. — Arrived off Havre near daybreak.

"*March* 19. — Paris.

"*March* 25. *Sabbath.* — I fear I shall not get to the American Chapel. I long to hear the blessed Gospel in my dear native tongue.

"*March* 26. — I went to the church of St. Roch this morning, and to Notre Dame this noon. It was the festival of the Annunciation. I heard Mozart's Mass performed by four hundred artists, vocal and instrumental. The mass was preceded by a religious march, with an accompaniment of harps. It was delicious."

March 27, Mr. Little wrote to friends at home: "I have been very desolate since I reached Paris. The weather has been wretched, sunshine and rain alternating suddenly. I have indulged moderately in sight-seeing, yet what I have done has been too much for my poor strength.

"Oh, I cannot tell you what I have suffered the past week. At times I have been ready to throw myself down in despair, and to cry, My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me? On the whole, however, I believe I have not positively murmured, nor lost outright my hold on God's precious covenant."

The overwhelming sense of loneliness from which he suffered at this time induced him to make some exertions beyond his strength. One day he was invited by friends to take a ride for the purpose of witnessing a military review, and he yielded. The scene is described in the following letter:

"*April* 4. — Although I am far from being strong, and in a condition to see and improve the thousand attractive things that lie temptingly around me, I feel already better acquainted with this city than I do with New York.

"On Saturday I went with Mr. P—— to witness a review of cavalry by the Emperor. The field where they went through their evolutions is called Longchamps, and is at the farther extremity of the beautiful Bois de Boulogne. It was a division of cavalry belonging to the first *corps d'armée*, and

under the command of General d'Allonville. We did not reach the ground in season to witness the arrival of the Emperor; but I had the good fortune to see him quite near, just before he left for the city at the close of the review. It was a most animating and imposing spectacle, and one which I had always desired to see. True, the number of the troops was a mere handful compared with the number sometimes reviewed in the Champ de Mars. But they were all cavalry, finely mounted, richly caparisoned and uniformed. As they stood in long lines, or moved majestically in dense columns, or wheeled at full gallop in their various evolutions, with the shouting of the officers, and cries of *vive l'Empereur!* — it was magnificent and thrilling. Besides, I knew they were no holiday troops, but were fellows who had smelt gunpowder, and were likely to again. If the day had been bright and sunny, the sight would have been brilliant beyond description.

"There were three court carriages within the lines; one containing the Empress and a lady attendant, one the little Prince Imperial with nurse and governess, and the third containing two ladies whose names and rank I could not learn. We soon discovered the Empress. At the moment we edged our way in front of her carriage, General Fleury came up, probably with some message from the Emperor, and chatted a while with her imperial ladyship. This gave me a good opportunity to see her face

in movement, as well as in repose. She is very pretty, and looks much younger than I had expected; indeed, almost girlish.

"Our attention was soon attracted to that part of the field in which we knew the Emperor to be. A large number of officers rode towards the imperial carriages. One of them, in a marshal's uniform, and mounted on a sorrel horse, advanced to the carriage of the Empress, leaned over and spoke a few gracious words to her, his head all the while covered. It was the Emperor. A moment after, and he had wheeled away, and was galloping with his suite and escort towards the city. His ordinary expression is somewhat dull, sleepy, abstracted; but I saw him with a smile upon his face."

In closing this letter, Mr. Little wrote:

"The Lord is trying my faith as never before. I hope it may not fail. Truly, his ways are past finding out. Did He not bring me here? What will he do with me? My future never seemed more shrouded than now in mystery and darkness. But *my* future is a thing of comparatively little importance. We are sure that God will be honored, his purposes will be accomplished, and *the kingdom will come.*

"Our blessed heavenly Father has led me into the orbit of some excellent people who are very kind to me. God is good to me even now, and here in this strange land. I will not forget that; and withal, he gives me the sweet hope of a blessed

and eternal reunion in the home prepared for all disciples."

We find in his diary a few more brief pencilings:

"*April* 8. — Comforted this morning by Psalms 43 – 46, and by my precious hymn, 'Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light.' I found strength in committing my way unto the Lord.

"*April* 9. — About midnight I coughed and raised blood.

"*April* 12. — 'With God all things are possible.' Oh for grace to leave my poor self altogether and forever in his hands.

"*April* 13. — About eleven o'clock this morning a column of troops passed, — some four or five hundred foot, and one hundred horse in rear. The band not large, but playing superbly. Last night I was more comfortable. God be praised for every mercy.

"*April* 14. — I have been tempted to distrust God and look no more to him. He seemed to have deserted me.

"*April* 18. — I am trying resolutely to be hopeful. God can do all things; and sometimes his doing is marvellous in our eyes.

"*April* 19. — I raised blood again last evening. Oh, how I need the blessed Saviour! I do hope he is near me, and that he feels my pains. Oh for that sufficient grace which will enable me always to say, '*Thy will be done.*'

"*April* 20. — I am considerably better to-day. I

have no great hopes and no very anxious fears. I have committed my case to the great Physician.

"*April* 21. — Dr. —— has examined me thoroughly. He says that 'all is well and natural.' He also prescribed for me. Oh, *if* God will add his blessing!

"*April* 25. — I do not see my blessed Saviour as I would like, nor feel his sweet presence. I hope it is the effect of my disease. God help me to believe and trust where I cannot see.

"*April* 26. — God pity and help me!

"*April* 27. — The blessed Lord God whom I serve will order everything for the best. Oh for grace and strength equal to the demands of each of these trying days and nights. Lord, help — or I sink!"

April 28, Mr. Little wrote to a friend then in Italy: "I have had a strange experience since you left Paris, — growing weaker and weaker. It is my chief comfort that God has ordered it; and 'as for God, his way is perfect.'"

In a letter dated April 29, the irregular writing of which betrays a trembling hand, the lonely sufferer says:

"Do I not need the arm of the Lord Jesus underneath me, and the strength and solace of the blessed Gospel? I trust I have gained new and invaluable proofs of its preciousness. As I have lain in my bed, feeble and alone, denied so completely the enjoyments of foreign travel, and have looked out upon the magnificent palace of the Louvre, I have

been sure of gaining one advantage: the persuasion, so deep that no sophistry will ever remove it, that as compared with some single verse of the blessed Bible, all that stateliness of architecture, with the treasures of art within its walls, and the political power which it symbolizes, is a mockery to the soul in its greatest exigencies.

"I should like to tell you more of my thoughts during these wearisome days and nights and weeks. But I cannot. You must tell all who may be expecting letters from me, that I cannot write to them yet. I send my affectionate and Christian salutations to the dear people at West Newton. Tell them that I am cast down but not destroyed; able, I hope, to rejoice even in tribulation, and glorying more and more in the cross of Jesus Christ, and only in that. It is a sweet reflection to me in my suffering, that they are praying for me. I send much love to Bangor friends. Their kindness touches my heart.

"The darling children! My eyes are full every time I think of them. . . . . Give my love to dear —— and ——. It sometimes thrills me with a joy unspeakable, to think that so many of us are bound up together in the everlasting covenant, sure of a blessed home at last, eternal in the heavens."

"*April* 30. — The P—— family left to-day for Havre, on their return to America. The Lord bless and keep them! . . . . I have had sweet thoughts, for several days, of the covenant love of God in

chastising his children. I never saw so clearly the force and beauty of Hebrews 12: 5–11."

A member of the family, to whom Mr. Little alludes above, writes:

"As I went into his room one day, he said, 'It is a strange Providence that brought me here. I have been in Paris six weeks, and it has been the most miserable six weeks of my life. The twelfth chapter of Hebrews has had of late a new meaning to me.' He repeated from the fourth to the twelfth verse, dwelling particularly on the sixth, seventh, and eighth verses. He added: 'My Father sees there is dross in my character, which it is necessary should be purged; and therefore it is that I am thus disciplined.'

"Mr. Little seemed to regret that he had come, especially that he had come alone; and yet he was apparently cheerful. One of the first times he came to dine with us he brought the likenesses of his family, and looked at and talked of them. In his own room he kept these pictures upon the table beside him, and whenever he ate his meals they were opened and placed around the table.

"I hope I have not given you a sad impression of his appearance at this time. He recognized the hand of a kind Father in his affliction, and I never heard him utter a hasty or complaining word."

A clergyman[1] writes:

"It was most touching and impressive to hear

[1] Rev. A. H. Clapp, of Providence, R. I.

his expressions of attachment to his Bible and Sabbath Hymn Book, — always by his pillow. In these and in prayer he said he had found new comfort and delight, much as he supposed he had before understood and appreciated them.

"He was sad at the thought of having effected 'so little, — *nothing* for Christ.' But at our last interview he seemed much more willing to leave his work and his family; indeed, in every way more reconciled to what he now felt to be the divine purpose concerning him."

May 4, Mr. Little marked in the one hundred and second Psalm the following passages:

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.

"Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call, answer me speedily.

"For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth.

"My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.

"By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

"I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.

"I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top. . . . .

"For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping,

"Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.

"My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

"But thou, O Lord, shalt endure forever; and thy remembrance unto all generations. . . . .

"He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days.

"I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations."

And the following in the one hundred and third Psalm:

"For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

"For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

"For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

"But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

"To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

Mrs. Little reached Paris May 5. Mr. Little was found lying upon a lounge before the open fire, his countenance and form much changed by disease. In the course of that evening he said, "I have been distressed with fears that something might prevent you from coming. When I was ill with those attacks of bleeding, and thought I might die soon, I felt that it would be so sweet to have you here to close my eyes. But God has been very gracious in raising up friends for me who have been an inexpressible comfort. I cannot begin to tell you of all their kindnesses. . . . . I cannot give you any idea of what I have endured; and I am glad that I cannot. I have wept rivers of tears since I came to Paris. . . . . You did not expect to find me so very feeble; but I think I shall soon be well enough to go to Switzerland."

Monday, May 7, Mr. Little went to apartments in the vicinity of the Champs Elysées. He hoped to be often in the open air, but the weather was most of the time unfavorable. Nearly every morning came with clouds and rain, or, if the day promised to be sunny, the invalid was disheartened by its quick overshadowing.

A few times he walked a short distance with the feeble step of an aged person. Twice only was he able to reach the grand avenue near by. His walks became constantly shorter, until they were given up altogether. In compliance with the injunction of his physicians, he rode frequently; but his rides were

often made dreary by the rain, and the motion of the carriage distressed him.

Incessant noise in the street deprived him of the quiet which he desired. Still, he never spoke complainingly of this trial. The continuance of it upon the Sabbath was a grief to him. He said, "There is no Sabbath here. The best Christian in the world cannot live in Paris without feeling the evil effects of this dreadful desecration."

Sabbath, May 13, he said, "Get the precious Bible and read to me." Afterwards he wished to have hymns read from the Sabbath Hymn Book. Then, too weak to kneel, he prayed for "strength to suffer"; for "recovery, if it should please God," and a return to his "dear country and friends." He closed his petitions by rendering hearty thanks to God for the mercies he had received in a foreign land.

His sleep was always disturbed, but he said, "It is such a relief that I am not now obliged to go through these nights alone." He seldom retired until a late hour. When urged to go sooner, he would reply, "No; the night will be quite long enough." He often asked to have the Bible read to him in his wakeful hours. Many passages from Isaiah were very soothing to him. Some of them are the following:

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off. . . . . The inhabitant shall not say I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."

"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

"I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

"Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."

The last clause of this verse he often asked to have repeated to him several times. He said, "It is so expressive of God's entire forgiveness." He was deeply impressed with the passage, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." He would say, "That is sweet, — that is precious, — that is very beautiful. The Scriptures seem to exhaust language to express the tenderness of God's love."

Shut up as Mr. Little was, most of the day, within doors, unable to hear much reading, and conscious of the advancement of disease, it was not strange that his dejection increased. "Yes," he said, with emotion, "I am fast preparing for my grave." And

again: "I am glad my dear mother is safe in heaven; this would have broken her heart." He spoke with tears of the mysterious disappointment of his plans. "I have been permitted to make the worst possible mistakes. Oh, these mistakes! How large a part of the bitterness of this bitter life do they constitute. . . . . The Lord is scourging me and scourging me. I am afraid I despise the chastening of the Lord. I wish I could feel as I did in that sickness in January. That was a blessed sickness." In the midst of these lamentations, however, the Bible always gave him relief.

The memorandum-book which lay upon his table in Paris, contains this prayer:

"My God and Father! Oh strengthen me, bless me, succor me in the dark hours of my depression. Suffer me not to fall away from Jesus in my dying day. Give me patience and the submission of an obedient child under all my sufferings; and if it cannot be that I recover, oh enrich my soul with that which is better than health, — thy holy and blessed Spirit. All this I humbly beg for Jesus' sake. Amen."

After returning to America, he remarked, "When I was in Paris I longed for health with an *agony* of desire."

The kindest expressions of sympathy reached him from Americans in Paris, some of whom he had never seen. Flowers and fruit were sent to him by persons who would give no name. Every such attention

cheered his heart, and made his face brighten with pleasure and gratitude. "May the Lord reward them!" was always his prayer. In his diary he wrote, May 12, alluding to an unexpected kindness from a stranger: "Verily, the Lord has not forgotten me. May he forgive my weak faith!"

He continued to speak of his anticipated tour, but was advised by his physicians to return home. The plans so long meditated, and so carefully arranged, were not given up without a struggle. At first he listened unwillingly to such advice. "No; I cannot do it." Yet when told that his friends feared he would never reach America, unless he should go soon, he replied, "Yes; I have sometimes had such fears myself." It was not long before he yielded cheerfully to the judgment of others. "I am now as impatient to go home as I was desirous to remain here. It would be dreadful to die here, but so sweet to die at home."

Before daylight on the morning of May 15, after bleeding again, he said with composure, "I have no idea that I shall recover, unless God work a miracle in my case, which of course I cannot expect. I hope I shall not die before I reach home."

In his diary he wrote:

"*May* 16. — A comfortable day. I thank the Lord for it, whatever may come.

"*May* 17. — I raised more blood this morning. Truly, God is giving me repeated and loud calls to set my house in order.

"*May* 20. *Sabbath.* — This is my last day, if it please God, in Paris. I rejoice at the prospect of so soon escaping from my long imprisonment."

"I shall never forget," says a ministerial friend already alluded to,[1] "the cheerful glow of his countenance when I bade him 'good-by,' and said, 'I hope we shall meet again at home.'

"'If not, then in a better home,' he promptly replied, with one of his pleasant smiles."

Rev. Dr. G. L. Prentiss wrote at a later period: "In Paris I first saw Mr. Little March 23, when he called at my house. I think we had met but once before. I remembered him, however, well enough to be greatly shocked at his altered and sickly appearance. He was extremely feeble, and seemed to feel lonely and despondent. His intention then was to proceed in a few days to Montauban, in the south of France, and, after having remained some time there, to go to Switzerland, and so pass north into Germany. Here he proposed to spend the following autumn and winter, visiting the principal universities, and residing a month or two at each of them. It was painful to hear him speak of these plans; for although his countenance brightened with pleasurable anticipations, it was only too plain that he was doomed to disappointment. At my entreaty he gave up the journey to the south of France, and decided to remain in Paris until the warm season should arrive.

"I saw him almost every day at the Hôtel du

[1] See page 78.

Louvre, and he was often at my house. At times he was cheerful, and talked with interest about the various religious, political, and literary questions of the day. Sick as he was, he said many a bright and pleasant thing. His sportive humor not unfrequently showed itself, and occasionally he would even break into a hearty laugh.

"The fatal malady made such rapid progress that he was soon compelled to abandon all attempts at sight-seeing, and confine himself chiefly to his chamber, which opened upon a little balcony commanding a fine view of the Rue de Rivoli. When the weather would permit, he delighted to lean over this balcony, and watch the vast tide flowing day and night along that magnificent thoroughfare. He was a keen observer of foreign customs, and entered with singular zest into the novelties of this brilliant and wonderful scene.

"He was able to read but very little. The book which, after the Bible, seemed to be dearer to him than any other, was the Sabbath Hymn Book. It was always at his side. If I remember rightly, there were some lines on a blank leaf of this volume, which he spoke of as being very precious to him.

"While in Paris he suffered, as you know, from severe religious depression. There were, however, bright intervals when he seemed to be lifted above the surrounding gloom; when both his looks and his words indicated inward peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"After all his hopes had been dashed, and the resolution taken to return home immediately, he was still forming plans for future study. Only a few days before leaving Paris, he prepared a list of important historical and philosophical works in French, which he wished to purchase. He had a fine scholarly spirit; and in my intercourse with him it often manifested itself in a striking and beautiful manner. Once, when the probability that he would not be able to resume his studies was alluded to, he replied in a tone of cheerful assurance, 'Yes; but I have not a doubt that I shall be engaged in studies far more congenial and elevating.' I met few Americans abroad who seemed to me so well qualified to make a wise and effective use of foreign travel. But he has gone forth on a grander journey than that whose sudden and sad conclusion was such a sharp disappointment."

The "lines on a blank leaf" of the Sabbath Hymn Book, to which Dr. Prentiss alludes, had often been repeated to Mr. Little by his children on Sabbath-days, and are inserted below. In one of his letters to friends at home, he said: "I never before saw the beauty of that sweet hymn, 'The Early Little Pilgrims,' which S—— copied upon a blank leaf of my Hymn Book. I did not discover it until I had been here sometime. I am impressed with its appropriateness to all pilgrims." One Sabbath morning in May he wished to hear it, and said, "I can never read it through without tears."

"The way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

"The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair;
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

"They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

"They do not greatly tremble,
When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

"They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits."

Monday, May 21, dawned brightly. At an early hour friends came to attend Mr. Little to the railway station. The *concierge*, who had shown much sympathy, followed the invalid to the carriage, and looked after him with tearful eyes. Mr. Little said, "The poor *concierge* really felt sorry for me, I think."

Dr. Prentiss, who was to him as a brother, accompanied him to Havre. The day was cloudless, and Mr. Little enjoyed the journey highly. In a recent letter Dr. Prentiss says, "That delightful day to Havre seems, as I look back upon it, like a gleam of paradise."

May 23, Mr. Little wrote in his diary: "We leave Havre this morning in the Vanderbilt for New York. God seems plainly to indicate that this is our path. May he lead and bless us in every step of it."

The first days of the homeward voyage were mild, and the waters calm. "Yes," he said; "the Lord is bringing us on our way gently, — very gently. I ought to be deeply grateful." Soon the weather changed, and the sea became rough. A few times Mr. Little ventured to go on deck, but cold winds compelled him to return to his state-room. "This is such a disappointment," he said; "I thought I should be able to take the air a great deal." Yet, when speaking of the perfect health which those around him enjoyed, he added, "I have something infinitely more precious than health; of that I am certain."

The discomforts, which it was hard for a well person to endure patiently, made his sufferings severe. "This dreadful voyage!" was at length his distressed cry; "how long must it continue?"

"But the days will pass away."

"I know it; yet —

> 'A weary way before me lies.
> My heart sinks at the journey's length,
> My wasted flesh has little strength;
> Only my soul still cries in me,
> Lord, fetch me home, take me to Thee.'"

One day he was often in tears, but was silent. In the afternoon he said, "I am afraid I am not a

Christian; I cling so to life. It seems to me I have much to live for. But I think my disease must be making rapid progress." When his brow and burning hands were bathed in cold water, he looked up, saying, "How refreshing! Oh, the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost!"

Of those on board the steamer who seemed regardless of anything beyond this world, he said, "It is a distressing thought to me, that thousands as thoughtless as they have suddenly gone down to the bottom of the sea."

The Vanderbilt arrived at New York on Sabbath morning, June 3. While riding to a hotel, Mr. Little expressed great thankfulness that he had reached his beloved native land, and added, "How delightful it will be to hear the church bells again!" The last words in his diary were written on this day: "We arrived in New York at five o'clock this morning, after a passage to me most tedious and exhausting. God be praised for bringing us over in safety."

HIS LOVE OF MUSIC.

HIS LOVE OF MUSIC.

On his voyage from Havre to New York, the weary hours which Mr. Little passed in his state-room were sometimes cheered by the singing of a goldfinch, in a cage near his door. The accuracy and sweetness with which the little creature went through the strains of some plaintive air which he had been taught, often brought a smile to the sad face of the invalid. This is one of many incidents illustrating his musical taste.

One of the gratifications which he enjoyed at West Newton was frequent intercourse with his friend, Rev. D. L. Furber, of Newton Centre, a gentleman well known for his interest in music, and one to whom Mr. Little felt the stronger attachment for the sympathy between them on this subject. We give the following reminiscences, as they have been prepared by Mr. Furber:

"Mr. Little was from childhood an ardent lover of music. When only three years of age, he would follow a funeral procession, that he might hear the

singing at the grave; and while he listened to it, would stand and weep. At the age of twelve years he took his place in the village choir, with other members of the family, his father being the leader. He was particularly fond of the flute, even from boyhood. He sometimes went into his father's yard and played upon it, when he wished to call down the doves; for he had taught them to come at the sound. He became in after years a skilful flutist.

"While at Andover he was leader of the Seminary choir, and President of the Lockhart Society.

"At his death the Penobscot Musical Association adopted the following among other minutes: 'Mr. Little was elected President of this Association at the session of 1854, and held the office until 1856. At the session of 1855, he delivered by request his very able and timely address upon music, published in the minutes of that year. Those who were present will not forget the occasion, or the address. Mr. Little was very constant in his attendance upon our rehearsals and concerts; and being a man of more than ordinary musical taste, he marked our progress with pleasure.' In his removal, 'this Association has lost a firm friend, and the cause of music an able and eloquent advocate.'

"While Mr. Little resided in West Newton, he was a constant attendant upon the Wednesday afternoon concerts at the Music Hall in Boston. He always preserved the programmes of these concerts, as an aid in recalling the musical strains which he

had heard. A compact roll of these programmes was found among his papers after his death.

"He was a delighted listener to the birds that filled the woods near his house at West Newton. There he has been known to spend hours listening to their songs. Often he would search a long time for some bird which he heard singing at a distance. On returning home, he sometimes wrote upon the scale the notes of any bird-song which had especially interested him.

"Mr. Little was the means of introducing congregational singing into both the churches with which he was connected as their pastor. The emotion with which he spoke to his people at West Newton, after their first attempt at congregational singing, is well remembered. He endeavored to express his gratification at their success, but was unable to give full utterance to his feelings. He afterwards said, that 'it seemed as much like true worship as anything could be this side of heaven.' He often joined his people in their weekly meeting for practice, and sang with his accustomed animation. On the Sabbath, well sustained and full as the chorus usually was, Mr. Little's voice was always distinguishable; and if he sat down to rest before preaching, the absence of it was at once felt. He could sing tenor or bass with almost equal ease. His voice was sweetest upon the tenor, richest upon the bass.

"Such was his love of music, that, whenever he sang, he sang with all his heart. The charm of his

singing consisted very much in the strength of feeling which he threw into it. One scarcely thought of his artistic skill, and his consummate taste, when he was singing anything that deeply interested him. In singing favorite minor tunes, it was a common thing for him to be moved to tears. Having opportunity on one occasion to sing an hour at the piano with two or three clerical friends, with whom he had musical sympathy, one of the first tunes he called for was that exquisite minor tune 'Strand.' It was sung in the hymn 'Like sheep we went astray.' He sang the treble of the tune from the beginning to the end of the hymn, without pause, and with steadily increasing intensity of feeling and strength of intonation. Those who sang with him will not soon forget the tide of enthusiasm by which they were swept along. He then called for another minor tune, very simple in its structure, but fitly expressing the sentiment of a deeply penitential hymn, to which it is set in the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book. The hymn is founded on the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Mr. Little sang the treble as before, his voice breathing with all the tenderness of contrition, and his eyes suffused with tears. This circumstance was remembered, and the same tune was sung some months afterward, at his funeral.

"On another occasion I called upon him at West Newton, and found him confined to his room by illness, and lying upon his bed. After conversing for a time, he arose, took the Sabbath Hymn and Tune

Book from the table, and said, 'We must sing one tune before you go.' He turned at once to the minor tune 'Agnol,' but his eyes were so weak that he could sing only two stanzas, before he was obliged to close the book. It was a touching illustration of his love for singing, to see him rise from his sick-bed for but two verses of bare treble and bass, without the help of any instrument.

"When anticipating his tour in Europe, he counted much upon the summer-evening music which he should hear in parks and gardens and the usual places of public resort. But this was denied him. Almost the only pleasure of this kind, which he was able to enjoy when in Paris, was the playing of a harp at evening in apartments near his sick-room."

Mr. Little noticed with delight all the allusions which his favorite authors made to the voice of song. Only a few days before the printing of this memorial was commenced, his distinct pencil-mark was found at the margin of the following lines in Milton:

"That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly."

731227 A

LAST WEEKS OF HIS LIFE.

LAST WEEKS OF HIS LIFE.

"As the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound;

"So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

"Spices crushed, their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire;
Would you have its strength revealed?
Cast the incense in the fire.

"Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
From the martyr's keenest flame
Heavenly incense is distilled."

This Hymn of Consolation, written by Adam of St. Victor in the twelfth century, is one of the sacred poems in which Mr. Little had an increasing pleasure. When he left home for the last time, he carried a copy

of it in his pocket-diary. There it was discovered after his death; and it seemed to describe the effect of suffering upon his own character.

On Monday afternoon, June 4, Mr. Little left New York by steamboat for Fall River. To a friend who came to bid him farewell, he spoke earnestly of the rest of heaven, and of the pure and blessed company which he should meet there. To another he said: "The Master knows best whether he has anything more for me to do here. As he wills I am content. I am ready to do the Lord's bidding. My stay in this world is no concern of mine."

The journey from Fall River to Boston was one of extreme exhaustion to him. He reached the house of a relative, Rev. Dr. Peck, at Roxbury, on Tuesday morning.

For some days after his arrival he was evidently suffering under a renewed mental conflict. To give up life was still a great effort. Often he spoke with intense feeling of the disappointment of his hopes, and the cutting off of his plans, of the mysterious course God was pursuing with him. When reminded of the words of Job, "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro, and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble," he said, "I thank you for that verse; I have been trying to recall it." — "God has laid me aside from my work. He saw that I was not fit for it, and has taken it out of my hands. I have longed to live, that I might live better than I have in time past. But it is too late now. When the snow falls

again I shall be in my grave." — "How I have struggled against disease. But God meant to take me away now."

It was not long, however, before he could say with cheerful composure, "I have no wish to live." The opinion of his physicians coincided with Mr. Little's view of his own case. "The moment I stepped my foot into this room I felt that I had come here to die." — "Well, I shall sink sweetly into the arms of my blessed Saviour. I have now an excellent opportunity to practise what I have preached."

At this stage of his disease his bodily suffering was in some respects peculiarly severe; but it did not prevent him from appreciating the favorable circumstances of his situation. Many times he spoke of the contrast between his condition in Roxbury and in Paris, of "the change from that steamer to this delightful room." — "It is such a mercy to be surrounded by my family friends, and to have the comforts of home." — "That distressing voyage stifled my religious feelings, but now I enjoy a blessed peace."

Once he said: "My history during this sickness illustrates remarkably the goodness and the severity of God. How many alleviations there were of my condition in Paris. It was wonderful, the kindness I received there. Yet the one thing I desired of God, above all earthly blessings, he denied me inexorably, — *inexorably*. But I have no disposition to murmur."

He rode a short distance nearly every day, and at times would walk into the garden, or sit under the shade of the trees; but his strength failed rapidly. "These nights," he said, "hurry me to my home."

June 10. *Sabbath.* — He expressed great delight in some passages from the Litany. As the reader began the *Gloria in Excelsis*, Mr. Little himself repeated, in a manner most earnest and devout, the words, "We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!"

He wished afterwards to hear a few pages from the Pilgrim's Progress. The narrative of Mr. Standfast's passing through the river was read. Mr. Little said, "No; that will not do for me."

June 11. — He expressed painful apprehensions of the slow wasting away of the body. "It is not death that I dread, but this long, fearful conflict with disease. I am growing weaker every day. I want you to pray that I may have patience and fortitude to bear this struggle. I want to show the power of the Gospel to sustain."

The words were repeated to him: "Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness."

"Yes," he responded; "that is just what I need."

No one could be with Mr. Little during these days and nights, without fresh evidence that the Creator of the soul is the author of the Bible. In all the exigen-

ces for which human aid and sympathy were totally inadequate, the Word of God was his unfailing source of help. And it seemed that the Spirit of truth, the Comforter, did, according to the Saviour's promise, bring to remembrance whatsoever was needed to cheer and strengthen the heart of the sufferer.

After listening to a hymn, he said: "It is very sweet; but there is nothing like the Bible. It is a wonderful peculiarity of the Bible, that the whole Gospel is often contained in a single verse. It meets all the wants of the soul. But what will those who neglect it do, when they come to be sick and die? Whither will they turn? Oh, what awful desolation!"

June 14. — At an early hour he asked for his copy of the Testament and Psalms. "I wish you would bring it to me every morning. I intend now to give myself to the literature of heaven. Oh, this precious book! How much I have read it; and how I used to lie and press it to my breast when I was in Paris." Soon he fell asleep with it in this position. He could now seldom talk of the Bible without tearful emotion.

He alluded to a step he had taken some years before, which had injured his health, and spoke of it as "a great mistake."

"Perhaps you will not always think it a mistake."

"Probably not. It will, I suppose, bring me to heaven all the sooner."

June 16. — To a ministerial friend who asked him if he did not wish he could enter the pulpit again,

he replied, "No. I sometimes think of subjects upon which I would like to talk with my people, but I have still a great shrinking from the publicity of a ministerial life. Yet I am certain that I glory more than ever in the Gospel."

As he took the hand of another, he said, quoting the words of the dying President Adams, "This is the last of earth." In the course of the conversation which followed, Mr. Little remarked, "I feel it to be the greatest deficiency of my pastoral life, that I have not had more *personal love* to Christ." The friend to whom this remark was made, wrote afterwards of Mr. Little: "The doctrine of Christ crucified, and salvation through him, rose before his mind in enlarged grandeur and beauty as he neared another world. He spoke with ardor of its preciousness, and the glory of preaching it."

"I wish," he said to one of his family, "I wish I could know that I had ever done any good. I wish I could have reason to think that my preaching had done others as much good as it has given me pain."

He was told of an instance in which one of his sermons had made a lasting impression.

"Is it possible?" he replied; "and I was so dreadfully dejected when I preached it! I remember well what I suffered that Sabbath-day. I never supposed that sermon could impress anybody; but what you have told me is a relief."

"What a comfort your visits were to ——."

"Yes; I believe they were."

He was reminded of other cases in which he had cheered the sick and the afflicted, and had instructed the dying.

"Yes, I ought to be thankful for this: I have, I hope, helped to plant some feet upon the Rock."

While awake in the night, he said, in an undertone, as if to himself, "Yes, it was cruel, — cruel."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that I did not go to see S—— when I returned from the West last year."

"You were not well, and of course you wished to get home."

"Ah, but it would have been so easy to stop there for a few hours; I could have done it as well as not. I might perhaps have said something to comfort her, as she was going down to the grave. It was my last opportunity to help her. I can never forgive myself, — *never!*"

"You can ask her to forgive you when you meet in heaven."

"Yes, — dear saint! I shall ask her forgiveness, the very first thing."

June 17. *Sabbath.* — "Will you read me the twentieth chapter of John? I want it read to me every Sabbath morning while I live." He remarked upon the fact that, when Jesus was risen, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, and that Peter was especially remembered in the message to the disciples.

In the afternoon, while sitting for a short time

down stairs, he said, "Please roll my chair to that bookcase." He then took a copy of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, and slowly turned over the leaves.

"Oh, I have so many sweet and sad associations with this book! I should like to hear one of these hymns."

We sang

> "Sweet is the work, O Lord,
> Thy glorious acts to sing."[1]

He was much affected by the last verse:

> "To songs of praise and joy
> Be every Sabbath given,
> That such may be our blest employ
> Eternally in heaven."

After he had been carried to his chamber, a friend, observing the expression of his countenance, inquired, "Do you wish for anything?"

"I want my Saviour. This dreadful state of my system, — it hides my blessed Saviour from me. I cannot perceive the presence of the Lord. Oh, I shall need his hand."

"But he is near you."

"Yes, I know it. Pray for me that I may be gentle and patient."

June 18. — Please bring my Testament and Psalms, and read to me that blessed fourteenth of John. No one can tell what that chapter has been to me." When the twenty-third verse was read, — "If a man

[1] The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, p. 22.

love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him,"— he said, "That goes down to the very bottom,"— but was too full of emotion to say more. At another time he remarked of the same verse, "What an idea that gives of the security of a Christian."

"God's declaration that he will dwell with the humble and contrite is very wonderful. How wonderful, too, that passage, 'But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. For he remembered that they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again.'"

This day he began to dictate a farewell letter to his beloved people at West Newton, renewing his request for a dissolution of his pastoral connection. His breath was so short, that he could utter only a few words continuously.

"*To the Congregational Church and Society in West Newton, Mass.*

"Dear Brethren and Friends, — Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

"It is now almost six months since I have preached to you, or performed among you any pastoral labor; and it is quite certain that I shall never preach to any people on earth again.

"My trip to Europe, which I was encouraged to

believe would be beneficial to me, has proved as disastrous as it was brief, and I have returned in a very broken and precarious state of health.

"The only course remaining to me, therefore, is to renew my request that the connection subsisting between us as pastor and people be dissolved. The responsibility, however it may be qualified and lightened, is too much for me. On the other hand, I am unwilling to be living on your bounty while doing you no service, and to stand in the way of your taking measures to obtain for yourselves a man who will do the work as well as bear the name of pastor.

"In making this final communication, it gives me great pleasure to renew my former expressions of gratitude for your innumerable acts of kindness, and tokens of confidence and esteem.

"It is in my heart to dictate more, much more, to you; but my extreme feebleness forbids. I cannot, however, omit the opportunity to render again, and for the last time, my testimony to the everlasting importance of the truths of the Gospel: truths which I have commended to you so often, and which are now more precious to me than my life.

"Suffer me with a solemnity borrowed from the grave and eternity, to beseech you not to neglect so great salvation.

"The Lord bless you and keep you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace.

"Your affectionate friend and pastor,

"G. B. LITTLE.

"ROXBURY, June 21, 1860."

He was unable to dictate the whole of this communication at once. It was before light on the morning of June 21, that he said, "Please light the candle, and bring your pencil and paper to the bedside. I am ready to finish that letter."

On the same day he sent messages to some absent friends. "Tell Mrs. —— that our struggles with the infirmities of these poor bodies will soon be over. Then, through infinite grace in Christ Jesus, without which there is no ground of hope for any sinner, we may hope to enter into the rest and bliss and glory of the heavenly city. Tell —— that I think with pleasure of the conversations we used to have upon themes which will be our incessant and delighted study forever."

He closed his eyes and said, "Now I believe all is done, so far as this world is concerned."

"I cannot endure it," said one at his bedside, "to see you so feeble."

"Well, I shall soon be strong. We must all become weak before we can be glorified."

—"Please read me those verses you used to read to me in Paris. That verse, 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' I remember. I wish I were able to commit some others; such as that one in which are the words, 'For thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.' But I am so weak that I do not think I can make the effort."

He was not yet wholly confined to his bed, but occasionally walked about his own room and into

adjoining rooms. Trembling at every step, and panting for breath, he said: "This is hard work; but I suppose it is best for me to keep about as long as I can."

June 22. — He mentioned an article of food which he thought he should relish.

"You shall have it certainly."

"Oh, no! It is nothing but a caprice. I ought to take my thoughts off from the meat that perisheth. I have meat to eat that ye know not of. I have a sweet consciousness of God's presence and of communion with him."

— "I believe that as my disease progresses, grace will be given me patiently and submissively to endure. It is a comfort to me that in these sufferings I have fellowship with Christ. I have been thinking how glad I should be to pass through great suffering, if in it I may glorify God. It used to trouble me to think that I might have much to suffer, but it does not now; all that has passed away."

"How little we can do for you."

"You can only pray for me. But 'the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'"

His thankfulness for every comfort was a beautiful trait. Often he spoke of those who have not the ordinary means of relief in sickness, and contrasted his own condition with theirs. "Oh, what mercies I have. How many comforts. What blessed alleviations. I thank the Lord for them." Sometimes,

when he tasted fruit, he would say feelingly, "One of God's gifts!" He seldom drank ice-water, upon which more than anything else he depended for refreshment, without expressing his gratitude to God for it. As he held the small glass in his trembling hand, he would look up with a smile, and say, "Oh, how good! — one of God's best gifts"; or, "Blessed be God for water, — this precious gift!"

Alluding to his exemption from a form of suffering he had anticipated, he said, "What an alleviation! I bless the Lord for it. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'"

June 23. — As he rode slowly past some of the most attractive residences in Roxbury, he remarked upon their beauty, and the high culture of the adjacent grounds, and then said, "'In my Father's house are many mansions.'"

Mr. Little's love of nature, and its influence on his religious feelings, was never more noticeable than during this sickness. When he entered his chamber on the morning of his arrival in Roxbury, and from the window looked out upon the luxuriant foliage around, he exclaimed, "How beautiful this is. — The dear trees!"

Fresh flowers were placed every day where his eyes could easily rest upon them. One morning they were not brought to his room as usual. When he awoke, he asked, "Where are the flowers?"

"We thought you might be tired of having them here."

"Not at all, not at all. I love to have them." He expressed great pleasure in them as tokens of the kindness of his friends; but most of all he loved to consider them as the work of God. He would ask to have them near him, and while carefully looking them over would speak of the paradise above, or "the white robes" of the redeemed. "That rose is like heaven." — "What a glorious Creator must he be who formed these beautiful things; and if he so adorns a sinful world, what will heaven be!" Often, as he held them in his hand, he would repeat the lines,

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

One of the last days of his life he said of a bouquet which had just been sent to him, "I should like to have those flowers where I can see them till I die."

June 24. *Sabbath.* — Returning from his short ride, he exclaimed: "Oh, what joy to be admitted through those gates, and to behold that face! It must be the first desire of every ransomed soul to approach the throne and behold the Saviour. I shall see Him as he is!"

He requested a friend to read from a manuscript sermon by Rev. A. C. Thompson, on Revelation 22: 1, 2, — "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

He listened with eager attention, and in his conversation, during this day and on succeeding days, frequently referred to leading ideas of the discourse.

"How beautiful the description of the river of water of life! How rich the meaning of that passage. 'The river of water of life': denoting fulness, purity, and permanence; 'the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month.' Oh, the rich, varied, and inexhaustible nature of heavenly joys! Beautiful, — beautiful!"

He also alluded to his "Sabbath-morning chapter," and repeated the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth verses, speaking with great expression the word "Mary," and adding, "She knew *that* voice."

At noon he suddenly awaked from a long sleep, and exclaimed in a strong voice: "I was gazing at the throne of God and of the Lamb, — the sublimest object in that magnificent place; and I shall always gaze upon it. Oh, it is wonderful!"

In the afternoon, struck with his increasing feebleness, a friend repeated to him the words: "My flesh and my heart faileth"; — "but God," he responded, "is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

June 25. — He took his last ride. After he was placed upon the bed, on his return, he said, "Oh, I shall be so glad when they bring me up stairs for the last time!"

Once, when weeping, he quickly wiped away his tears, — "No, I will not weep, — I will not."

"But Jesus 'offered up prayers, with strong crying and tears.' 'Jesus wept' at the grave of Lazarus."

"I know it; but Jesus had the immense burden of the world's sins laid upon him."

"'God shall wipe away all tears' from your eyes."

"What a beautiful expression of God's minute and tender care that is."

As the attempt was made to do something for his relief, he said, his bosom heaving with emotion, "And no man ministered unto Him." Again, when drinking ice-water, he exclaimed, with a look of distress, "'And they gave Him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall!' Oh, what pains the blessed Saviour must have endured! Mine are nothing at all, — infinitely less than I deserve."

June 26. — He broke a long silence, saying, "Satan has been troubling me for two or three days, with what you said about my having done some good. I am afraid I shall think too much of it: so much as to make the superabounding love of God seem less."

He sat on the piazza, in an easy-chair. The morning was sultry, and he soon became faint. He threw his head back, and struggled painfully for breath. As he revived, he saw his friend Mr. Furber passing the house. "Please to call him in," was his request, feebly spoken.

The same friend writes thus of the interview: "I cannot easily forget the look he gave me when I took his hand. His whole heart seemed to be

thrown into the expression of cordiality which beamed from his face and trembled in his voice. I think the first thing that he said, after giving me his most emotional greeting, was, 'My thoughts are all in heaven, where I expect so soon to be.' He then abruptly, and without a moment's pause, began to tell me what dark and distressing views he had had of his sins. In what he said of this, he used great strength and energy of expression. His 'whole horizon had been black, without a ray of light from any quarter of the heavens.' I asked him whether his Christian hope had waned at all. He replied, 'No; Christ is a Saviour for the chief of sinners, and is a sufficient Saviour for such a sinner as I am.' I reminded him that he had suffered a great deal. 'No,' he said; 'I have not suffered much, but I expect to suffer. If so I can glorify God, I hope I shall have grace to endure.' I told him I could not understand why he should be taken and I left. He replied, 'If you knew what stuff I am made of, you would not wonder.'"

This letter reminds us of a marked trait in Mr. Little's religious experience. Although he had been regarded from his childhood as peculiarly correct in his outward life, he had an ever-deepening sense of sin, and a profound contrition on account of it. Months before his last illness, we were one day singing the hymn,

> "With broken heart and contrite sigh,
> A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry,"

when he suddenly stopped, saying, "You must not ask me to sing it; I always break down on that hymn." Others of similar character affected him in the same way.

During the illness which followed his first attack of bleeding, he was full of peace, and with joy anticipated his departure, which he thought might take place at any hour. Yet there were times when he grieved over his sins. "Oh, I have led such a miserable life!" he more than once exclaimed.

Now that he had given up all hope of recovery, he seemed to review with a severe search every period of his history, and to regard himself as the chief of sinners. "The days of my boyhood! oh, I wish I had spent them differently. 'Remember not the sins of my youth nor my transgressions.' I have prayed that prayer a thousand times."

"Oh, my sins are too great to be forgiven. Yes, they are too great."

"No one knows what a sinner I am. Sometimes the thought will come over me with distressing power, that perhaps I have not truly repented. I have suffered fearfully, terribly, on account of my sins."

"This is the law, — that I should be taken nearly to the gate, and then be sent back to continue the conflict with pain and sin. The atonement provides for my free forgiveness and complete deliverance; but sin is a dreadful thing, and a forgiven sinner must be prepared for heaven by a discipline of suffering."

"God has given me such views of my sins! All around has seemed like a dark, tempestuous ocean, billow upon billow."

"That hymn says truly, — oh, how truly,

> 'Our dying day will come,
> And call our crimes to mind.'"

"I believe God will forgive me, but I feel as if I could not say one word if he should sink me in hell. Yet I do not think he will. *I do not think he will.*"

Repeatedly he wept over his sins while passing a wakeful night. One day he referred to Matt. 18: 21, 22, — "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven," — and added, "That is a most encouraging passage to me." He delighted to repeat, or to hear others repeat, the verses: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." In most expressive tones he would say, "I know that I long to be holy," and would speak of it as the consummation of blessedness "to be presented faultless before the presence of His glory," — "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Not less affecting than the sense of his own sin-

fulness, was his impression of "the wonders of redeeming love," his delight in "the affluence of the atonement," and his simplicity of trust in the Saviour. In a note-book which Mr. Little used while a student at Andover, we find this brief record: — "1846. — March 1, 2, 6 — Sunday, Monday, and Friday. — Memorable days in my history as a sinner. 'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, *of whom I am chief.*' 'Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from *all* iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.' — 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep me this day without sin.'" When lying awake at night, the words he uttered were oftener upon 'the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,' than upon any other theme.

"I have no comfort in myself, but I can think of the dear Lord Jesus."

"You must not always think I am unhappy when I weep. Some of my happiest moments are when I am melted into tears of penitence and love."

"On board the Vanderbilt, it seemed to me that my sins carried me to the outmost bounds; but Christ's love seemed so wonderful, that it reached me even there, and there I rested."

"I am thinking of the love of Christ, and the amazing love of God. 'God so loved the world,

that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' — I have delightful views of redeeming mercy."

"I am sure I shall be a trophy of the Saviour's love."

"Read me the parable of the Prodigal Son." After listening to it he said: Oh, how wonderful! It gives me comfort to remember that Jesus is 'able to save unto the uttermost,' — to save the chief of sinners, — that he is mighty to save.' It is because of the very depth of our misery, and the greatness of our sins, that the atoning sacrifice was made; and God is honored in pardoning the greatest transgressors."

Archbishop Leighton's words were quoted: "Whatsoever sum my debts and past offences may amount to, they are not too great for such a king as Thou art to forgive: they cannot rise above thy royal goodness in Christ Jesus." — "Please repeat that again," Mr. Little said, earnestly. For several days afterwards he would, at intervals, look up inquiringly and whisper, "Whatsoever sum," — and then listen with eager attention to the remainder of the passage. Once he said, "Let me repeat that after you, until I can say it myself."

— "Were it not for Jesus Christ and him crucified, I am sure I do not know what I should do now."

"As I have committed my soul a thousand times to Him who is able to keep it, I think I may *leave* it with Him."

"My mind is not clear; it is confused. But I can trust *Jesus*, if it is confused. I know my Saviour. Oh, I know Jesus, and I think I shall always know Him. Those are precious words, — our Lord's words to Thomas, — 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' *I do believe.*"

"I don't know as I have any *thoughts;* I rest in Jesus, — that is all."

June 27. — "The inexorable purpose of God has been to take me away now; but he is doing it so gently. Oh, I ought to be very thankful. Yes, it is His inexorable purpose, notwithstanding the anguish, — the anguish, — the *anguish* of my prayers in Paris!"

"But how much better for you to go now, than to suffer longer here."

"Oh, yes! infinitely better. I am going to the city of glory, and I shall have the longer time to spend there, because I leave this world so early."

In the afternoon he asked a friend to read from the Sabbath Hymn Book. The seven hundred and ninety-second hymn was selected:

"Oh! mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

"This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear:
These tears the Lord did weep!

"Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

"But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Nor always in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

"We shall be reckoned for thine own
Because thy heaven we share;
Because we sing around thy throne,
And thy bright raiment wear."

He listened intently to the end, and then said, "Beautiful, — read it again." It was repeated, and afterwards a few lines were read from the seven hundred and sixty-first hymn:

"And wilt thou now forsake me, Lord?
I feel it cannot be:
No earthly tongue can ever tell
What thou hast been to me.

"Through all the changing scenes of life,
Thy love hath sheltered me;
And wilt thou now forget thy child?
I feel it cannot be."

"Ah, that is for one who has been a faithful Christian through a long life. It will not do for me."

It was replied, "Here is one I often read for myself, but I thought some other might be more appropriate for you now."

"Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

"Pity and save my ruined soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

"At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only thine.

"What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, — but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, — but thou hast died!" [1]

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "how could you think that was not the one for me? It is *just* the one."

June 28. — "I am almost gone. Blessed, glorious Saviour! Blessed, glorious God! I have sweet peace. 'The glorious Gospel of the blessed God'! 'We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.'"

The prayer of the Saviour, in the seventeenth chapter of John, was read to him.

"Oh, how wonderful! Read again some of those last verses."

Then he said, "Please hold the book so that I can read them myself."

In the afternoon, one who perceived that he was suffering more than usual said, — "There shall be no more pain."

[1] "Sabbath Book Hymn," Hymn 727.

"I wish," he replied, "you would read me the whole of that chapter in the Revelation." A few verses only were read, lest he should become too weary. As the book was closed, he raised his cheek from his hand, upon which, as usual, it was resting, and said, earnestly, "Go on, go on: I want to hear the whole." He then wished to hear also the concluding chapter.

It was said to him, "There will be a large family to welcome you to heaven, of our friends who have gone before us."

"Oh, yes! that's true; but *Jesus* first of all; and the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Some relatives from a distance came to see him. As they entered his room, he said, "Place their chairs so that they can see the trees from the window, while they sit beside me." He spoke to them of his sufferings on his return voyage, of the preciousness of Christ to him now, and then exclaimed: "Oh, the throne of God and of the Lamb! The most conspicuous object in that sublime city! It will, I think, be the first that will meet our eyes on entering the heavenly gates."

At another time he said: "The throne of God and of the Lamb! My thoughts are more and more upon that; and I am persuaded that it will be so to the last."

At evening a heavy thunder-shower came up. "Is that thunder?" he asked, looking towards the window. "It is glorious, sublime!" As the storm increased,

his countenance brightened, and he said, enthusiastically: "Oh, is not this magnificent! What an impression this gives one of the power of God! 'He thundereth marvellously with his voice.' 'The voice of Thy thunder was in the heavens.' 'The God of glory thundereth.'"

June 29. — Mr. Little had passed a restless night, his mind often wandering. In the forenoon, Dr. B—— of West Newton came to see him. Mr. Little was sitting up in his favorite position, opposite to the window. Looking earnestly at Dr. B——, he said, "Doctor, do you think I shall live through the month of July?"

"No. I do not think it possible."

"Then I may go soon?"

"Yes, it would not be strange if you should."

Turning his face again towards the window, he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

In the afternoon, he was seized with severe pains, and his whole frame was agitated. He passed his trembling hand over his forehead, his eyes were raised upward, his face became livid, and his voice changed to a hollow tone. "I cannot describe it," he said. "It is a most peculiar distress."— "This is the way Jesus went down, and we must all go the same way. But I rest in Jesus. I want C—— to understand that. I am afraid I did not express it to him clearly enough."

Once during the day he expressed a wish as to the manner in which he should be dressed for his burial.

With a look of surprise and sorrow, he said to the friend with whom he was conversing, "Why, — why should the mention of that call forth such a flood of tears?"

He had already spoken of the place of his interment, with a cheerfulness which seemed an answer to the prayer he had for years offered, that he might "dread the grave as little as his bed."

"I wish," he said, "to be buried here."

"You prefer, then, not to be taken to Castine, nor to West Newton?"

"Yes; I do not wish to be carried anywhere. The simplest way is the best."

It was proposed to secure a lot in the cemetery of Forest Hills.

"Yes," he replied; "I wish that some of you would go and choose a place there."

When this request had been complied with, he inquired, with interest, "How do you like the spot?" and listened with evident pleasure to what was said of it and of the whole cemetery. The next morning, as a friend alluded to Abraham's purchase of a burying-place, — "The field, and the cave that was therein, and *all the trees that were in the field*, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession," — he answered with a beaming smile.

One day he said, "I should like to see the place where I am to lie."

"Possibly you may be able to ride there?"

"No, I shall take but one more ride; that is to my grave."

Speaking of his funeral, he said, "I wish to have all as simple as possible."

"You prefer not to have a sermon preached?"

"Sermon? — No, indeed! I suppose some one may wish to make a few remarks, but I don't want to have any sermon preached."

"You would like to have singing?"

"Yes, if it is sure to be good."

"What hymns do you wish to have sung? Perhaps you would have Baxter's, — 'Lord, it belongs not to my care.'"

"No; that is a difficult hymn to sing. I should like for one,

> 'What sinners value, I resign;
> Lord, 't is enough that Thou art mine.'

That hymn on the whole transcends all others. It is for your sakes, dear ones, I am anxious that all should be pleasantly arranged. I shall be away."

A few days afterwards he alluded again to the hymn which he had chosen, and said: "I have concluded that I do not wish that hymn sung; it is too jubilant. One more modest, less confident, will be more appropriate for me." He finally selected for the service the seven hundred and twenty-seventh and the three hundred and thirty-third hymns of the Sabbath Hymn Book.

He spoke of the inscription for his tombstone:

"You remember that last verse of my German hymn; if I have any verse I should like that; and if I have any passage of Scripture, I wish it may be, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'" We were reminded of words he had spoken before he entered the ministry: "When we are dying, I am sure the only thoughts that can refresh us to any good purpose will be those garnered up in that most evangelical announcement, — 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

June 30. — The name of a friend was mentioned. Mr. Little was asked if he wished to send a message to him. "Oh yes; give my love to him. Tell him to spare no pains to make himself acquainted with the truth of God in the Gospel of His Son. It will be his refreshment when he comes to die. Tell him, especially, to cultivate a personal love for Jesus Christ; and this is best done by meditating on His boundless love to us." This was spoken, as he now always spoke, with frequent pauses, and the peculiar emphasis which results from difficult respiration. Not unfrequently several moments would elapse before he could have breath to finish a sentence which he had commenced. His looks and tones gave so much expression to his words, that these, when written, seem hardly to retain the meaning he conveyed by them.

— "I have had an interesting course of thought

with regard to my future. The principles of God's government must be the same in all worlds. If I love His government here, shall I not love it in eternity?"

— "Our ideas on the employments of heaven are very crude. We do not know how it will be. You remember those lines of Baxter's,

> 'My knowledge of that life is small,
> The eye of faith is dim;
> But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
> And I shall be with him.'"

"You used to say that you would like to lead a choir in heaven."

"So I should. You know that verse,

> 'Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
> When singing with the angel's choir,
> Among the ransomed of thy grace
> Forever I behold thy face!'

Our Andover choir will be there too."[1]

To one who was weeping, he said, "What do these tears mean? I say to you as you have said to me, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'"

"You will remember us when you are gone."

"Yes, indeed. Why do you ask such a question?"

"But it will seem as if you were far away."

"O, no! You must not feel so. We have the same Saviour and the same home. Heaven is very near to earth, and it is our own fault if it does

[1] See pp. 15, 96.

not always seem to be. You must prepare for your own departure. The Word of God and the Spirit will do great things for you."

"We shall think more of heaven, since you will be there."

"Yes, you will; and I advise you to make it a point to study all you can about heaven."

This was a day of great suffering. In one paroxysm he prayed: — "O Lord, my God, I pray thee, I beseech thee, help me to bear it. Help me, — help me! Let this cup pass from me; but nevertheless,— oh, help me in truth and sincerity to say, — 'nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'"

July 1. *Sabbath.* — He awoke at daybreak, and said to a young friend who had been with him during the night, "What day is this?"

"It is the Sabbath."

"Beautiful, delightful Sabbath morning! What a morning to die! C——, I want you to make me a promise, that you will read every Sabbath morning the twentieth chapter of John." After a few minutes he said: "No; I will take that back. I do not wish to exact a promise of you. But I would recommend to you to read it."

To one of his family he said, "Please read to me the resurrection chapter."

"Do you wish to hear it so early?"

"Oh, yes. You know Mary Magdalene came 'early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre.'"

At seven o'clock he said, "Bring me the Testa-

ment and Psalms, and hold it up before me; I wish to read in it." Feebly moving his hand, he turned over the leaves until he had found the eighth chapter of Romans. He read to himself a few moments, and then, placing his finger upon the thirty-seventh verse, said, "Read from there through."

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

He listened with deep attention, and then said, "That is the most precious passage in the whole book."

Several times within a few days he had remarked that the Lord's Supper would be celebrated on this Sabbath, and had expressed the wish to partake of it once more. But now he said: "I do not think it will be best. I am so weak, — and I shall so soon drink the new wine."

— "This is a beautiful Sabbath for worshipping God."

"You have wished that you might be taken to heaven to-day."

"Yes, it would be sweet to die on the Sabbath. *But*, — 'not as I will.'" — "How God will loose the silver cord, I know not; yet I am sure that he will give it all due care and attention."

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

Mr. Little responded at once, with great distinctness: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

Once he was asked, "Do you still rest in Jesus?"

Raising his eyes, as if surprised at the question, he replied: "*Constantly;* that is all I *can* do now. He is my hope, and always has been."

At sunset he turned towards the window and, his countenance expressing delight, said: "What a beautiful morning this is!"

"It is Sabbath evening."

"Oh, yes; *my* sun is almost set." With a significant smile he added, "I think I shall sleep *well* to-night."

Soon he was nearly convulsed with distress for breath. We went to him, but he motioned us away, saying, "More air, — more air, — I am dying now."

The words were repeated, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee —"

"That's enough, — that's enough. One passage is as much as a poor soul can carry over Jordan."

At length he experienced relief, and said, "Is it possible I have not gone, after all?"

The night was passed painfully. As the hours moved slowly on, he exclaimed, "If I could be released to-night!" Once he said, "I have prayed my Saviour that he would not spare me a single pang, which he sees needful that I may glorify him. Oh, for patience to wait."

July 2. — He was reminded of the words of a relative, who said the day before she died, "All will be well to-morrow." Mr. Little looked up quickly and said, "All is well *to-day*."

At noon he suddenly awoke from a long sleep, and in a full tone, as if preaching, exclaimed, — "Crucified! crucified! — Oh, the most horrible death that could be thought of! — so horrible, that it ought never to be mentioned, as some writer has said. And that agony in the garden of Gethsemane. Oh, how inconceivably heinous a sin, to neglect Him after he has suffered so much for us!"

In the afternoon he was seized with a spasmodic distress which it seemed impossible that he should survive. As relief came once more, he said with a voice and look of affecting entreaty, "Can it be that I am coming back again? — Oh, if the Lord does not take me away to-day, you must pray for me with all your might."

July 3. — Mr. Little had become so much emaciated that it was not easy to lift him, or in any way to alter his position, without giving him pain. The friend under whose roof he was, performed this kind office with carefulness and skill. "Dear uncle," he would say, "I thank you." "That was beautifully done;" — or, "This is the cup of cold water which shall not lose its reward."

His manner was marked by a childlike simplicity and humility. The readiness with which he acceded to whatever was thought necessary seemed like the

gentle submission of an infant. "Yes," he would say; "do as you please. You know best. I have no wisdom."

He was as considerate of those around him as he was grateful for all that was done for himself. Very often during these last weeks, and even the day before his death, he expressed in a touching manner his fears lest his friends should be worn out with long-continued watchings. When told of the sufferings of one from whom he was receiving daily tokens of sympathy, he said: "I can only pray for her. May the Lord lift upon her the light of his countenance." Of a friend in affliction: "I wish you would treat her tenderly. She has a great deal to endure." To one who had attended upon him constantly: "For all your assiduous care of me by night and by day, I thank you. It has been most soothing to me. Yes, — a very, very great comfort."

July 4. — He asked to see his children, one at a time. With great tenderness he said to each what he wished her to remember as his last words. After they had left the room, he was silent for a while, and then spoke: "Oh, if there is one direction more important than another for a child, it is *always* to obey the first whisper of conscience: when conscience says, This is the way, — to walk in it; and when conscience says, That is the wrong way, — to avoid it."

July 5. — He was in great distress. As attempts were made to relieve him, he observed with disap-

pointment the return of warmth to his extremities, and entreated that nothing should he done to detain him.

On awaking from a short slumber, he said, "I asked that the angels might strengthen me — and I really — believe — they have."

A friend came to watch with him. "Good evening, C——. I am still in the dying strife. Jesus has not yet taken me; but he says, 'If I go away, I will come again, and receive you unto myself.' He will come and take me in due time. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.'"

July 6. — "I am afraid my faith and patience will not hold out. Will you leave me alone for two or three minutes?" On returning, those who had left the room found him in prayer, with his hands outstretched and clasped, and his eyes intently gazing upwards. — "Oh, I beseech thee, great God, to strengthen me; and if thou dost not suffer me to have the light of thy countenance, may I still trust in thee. O gracious God! strengthen me, strengthen me! Is it *too* much to ask that thou wouldst send thine angels to strengthen me? *Are* they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? Oh, give me patience, submission, and fortitude, and courage, and heroism, to endure and to overcome. I think I have trusted in Thee. Let not my faith fail in this time of my extremity."

July 8. *Sabbath.* — In the night, he had asked,

"When it is light enough, will you read me the dear resurrection chapter?" Soon after the dawn, it was said to him, "You are so weak that I will read but a few verses."

"Read to 'Touch me not.'"

As the book was closed, he said, "Go on"; and after hearing the words, 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed,' — "Now you may stop."

When the first bells rang, he was asked if he heard them.

"Yes; they sound sweetly; I always hear one bell that is far off beyond the others."

"I think I hear it too."

He shook his head and smiled.

In the afternoon, as we stood silent at his bedside while he appeared to be very near death, he laid his hand upon his breast, saying: "Peace, — peace. 'Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'"

After a brief repose, he said: "I have had a sweet Sabbath; I have had such delightful views of the Saviour's love, and of the throne of God and the Lamb." Again, with a smile, "I have just seen the white robes."

July 9. — "Come and sit down by me, W——. I want to talk with you about the Saviour. You asked me if I could testify to his power to sustain. I have suffered a great deal, and can bear most abundant testimony to the comfort and support which he can

give. I want you to cultivate more *personal* love to the Saviour. Think more of his love for us, especially in *dying* for us. Think much of heaven. We miss it in not making ourselves more familiar with heaven. Read all you can about it. Some books of little value have been written on this subject, and some very excellent ones. Above all, read your Bible daily, and systematically."

One of the family sat near him with the Bible in her hand. Mr. Little raised his eyes, saying, "Please read."

"What shall I read?"

"What you have been reading to yourself."

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Beautiful! I wish now you would read to me that hymn,

> 'Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
> I love to hear of thee.'"

After listening to it, he responded, "Oh, how beautiful! I always used to like that hymn."

To a deacon of the church in West Newton, he said: "I am almost home. I am so weak that all I can do is *to rest in Jesus*. — Christ is all. The anticipation of the joys and glory of the heavenly

city is very precious to me, — *very precious*. I try to wait patiently, until Jesus shall come and take me to himself. Remember me to all your family. Tell them to love Jesus more, to learn more of him, — to cling to him."

To other friends from West Newton: "Christ is all my strength and support. He will support all who trust him and love him. — None but the eminent Christian will have 'an abundant entrance' into the kingdom of God. I am persuaded of this. I am more and more convinced, that *only* the eminent Christian will have an 'abundant entrance.'"

"You have already had a glimpse of Him who said, 'Look unto me and be ye saved.'"

With earnestness Mr. Little replied: "Yes, I have had many a glimpse of Him. The throne of God and of the Lamb is my strength and comfort. — We must trust in Christ, — we *must* trust Him."

After seeming to be asleep, he said, with a smile, "I have had some glimpses of glory such as I had in the first of my sickness." And again, "Dear, — precious, — *Saviour*."

July 11. — Suddenly opening his eyes, he said in a strong voice: "I rejoice in God, and joy in the God of my salvation. I rejoice that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. It must be dreadful to go into the next world without the *certainty* of a thorough acquiescence in God's government. I cannot think of it without a thrill of horror. It is the most fearful thing in the world. Oh, what can they do who come

to this without God and Christ!" He was overcome with emotion.

"Do not be so grieved; leave it with God."

"Yes," he answered quietly, "leave it with God. He will do what is right in all such cases. He is infinitely more anxious to treat such persons with justice, than we should be."

As the physician examined his feeble pulse, Mr. Little inquired, "How do you find it, Doctor?"

"I think it is no weaker than for several days past."

Turning his head away sadly, the weary sufferer said: "I am sorry for that. However, I have no choice about it."

"One reason why you linger is because you are so calm. Many persons are alarmed in prospect of death, and their agitation hurries them out of the world."

Mr. Little did not reply, but as the doctor closed the door, turned to us with a look of distress, saying, "*Poor* creatures!"

In the latter part of the day it was said to him, "The time is short now." He replied, "I ask no questions. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait.' I am eternally safe, for I love the character of God, I love his government; and I suppose that one who loves his government is safe anywhere. I know that I fear him, and 'the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.' All the attributes of God are

pledged to bless such. My sufferings are small compared with what many of God's people have endured, — *nothing* to what our Saviour endured. This is what you must all pass through."

To a young relative he said: "I want you to love the Saviour more and know him better. I want you to study about him in the New Testament, and have him for your personal friend, and not let a day pass without a personal address to him."

In a paroxysm of distress he prayed, "O God, I hope this glorifies thee. It is all I ask. O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, — slain from the foundation of the world!"

July 12. — A friend from Bangor came to see Mr. Little. When she approached and took his hand, he said not a word; but trembling with emotion gazed upon her, as if he felt that in her were represented the beloved people of his early ministry. In a letter written soon after his death she says: "To receive his earnest greeting once, was more than I had dared hope; and then to hear his emphatic tones, when he had recalled his soul from its short wandering back to the world and its old affections, and had recovered from the agitation thus occasioned. You remember, do you not, and have treasured among his precious words, — I shall never forget it, — 'Christ and him crucified, Christ and him crucified, Christ and him crucified, is all my hope!'"

Mr. Little's mind was now not unfrequently disturbed by delirious fancies; but in the midst of them

there were pleasant tokens of the habit of his thoughts. "You know I have been following the Pilgrim family up the hill for some months." And again, "Come, let us go to the Celestial City. I will be Pilgrim, and you Christiana, and we'll take the two little children and go."

"But Christian went first."

"Oh, yes; that was the way; but I will come and meet you, when you pass over the river."

Once, when lying with his eyes shut, he was aroused, that he might take some nourishment. "Oh, why was it necessary to disturb me? I was at Bethany."

His attendants were often reminded of the hope he had expressed, that in his wanderings he should be "kept from saying anything which would dishonor God." Even in his insanity he was permitted "to show the power of the Gospel to sustain." A few words from the Scriptures, or something said to him of the Saviour, would almost always quiet his agitation. Once he awoke, sadly impressed with a dream that he had entered another world, and found himself alone in a desert. "But," it was said to him, "do you think the Lord Jesus has brought you thus far, to forsake you now?" "No," he replied, "that cannot be: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'" When a painful vision was dispelled, and he felt assured that it was not a reality, he would say, "I bless the Lord for that. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

Sometimes a few words of prayer gave affecting testimony to his childlike submission and unwavering faith. — "Thou most high and mighty God, we do not know where the heavenly city is. If it please thee, Jesus, take us out of this dust in which we are lying. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

July 13. — In the forenoon, as he slept, his deathly countenance was most expressive of solemnity, and sometimes of reverential awe. Occasionally his lips moved, and his face was lighted with a quickly passing smile. He awoke, saying, with a look of perplexity, "Have I not gone *yet?* How my dreams do cheat me."

As evening drew on, his aspect changed from moment to moment. While we intently watched him, he said, "Death takes hold of every part of me."

"But Death has not the victory."

"*No.* 'Thanks be to God, which giveth *us* the victory, through our Lord — Jesus — Christ.'"

At an hour of great distress he gazed upon us imploringly, exclaiming, in pathetic tones, "You must not let me murmur, — oh, you *must* not let me murmur!" Then, more quietly, he said, "I am sacrificed to Jesus."

July 15. *Sabbath.* — "I am too weak to hear the chapter this morning, but please read a few verses."

The heavenly city was spoken of. "You know

I have seen the throne of God and of the Lamb," he responded.

When the bells rang, he said, with a smile, "Those are the first bells."

Near the going down of the sun, "I think little M—— will not have her wish, that God would take me to heaven on the Sabbath. — I am afraid I derive little edification from the Sabbath. I have very little connected religious thought. But He knoweth my frame, He remembereth that I am dust."

July 18. — In the morning he was tranquil. At noon there were again indications that his release was near. — "The Lord has come for me now, hasn't he? — 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'" There were convulsive movements, and gaspings for the breath which seemed once to have quite passed away. But yet the spirit lingered. Supported in our arms, he looked up and said, "Repeat." The words were spoken, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." To this and other passages he bowed his head in assent. When a little relieved, he said, "I glory in the cross of Christ, — I glory in the cross of Christ! — that's *certain*."

While we were endeavoring to make his position more tolerable, he looked earnestly at us, as if he wished to speak.

"What is it?"

"I have had such a sweet thought of the love of God and of Christ; but I cannot explain it."

July 19. — It is pleasant to remember the hours of this morning. Mr. Little's mind was clear, and his whole aspect expressive of repose. At the same time his animated countenance brought vividly to mind the bright look he had when in comparative health. For a long time he observed our movements, listened to our conversation, and regarded all with affectionate looks, but did not speak. It was said to him, "You cannot talk with us, but it is delightful to see you look so happy." In tones full of meaning he responded: "God has so wonderfully interposed in our behalf — during these last few weeks, — and so answered our prayers, — how can I help being — *perfectly — happy!*"

In the afternoon the cold dews of death gathered upon his brow, and we knew that his departure was at hand. When the wanderings of his mind were suspended for a few moments, he said, "I rejoice to suffer for Jesus. I am glad the way is so long to the Celestial City."

In the evening he said, "I am very comfortable. I love to look at you all. I have many kind friends. God is my friend." To one of his family who was obliged to leave him for a time, "May God keep you under his wings. May he save you and protect you. That is my prayer for you."

Most of this night his reason was clouded. He was eager to converse, but his words could not often

be understood. Once we heard distinctly: "Blessed Jesus! — Precious Saviour! — Thou art faithful even unto the end." It was said, "He is here with you." Laying his hand upon his breast, the dying one whispered, — "*Perfectly satisfied.*"

July 20. — In the early morning he looked upon those at his bedside as if he had never seen them. Gradually his reason returned, until he recognized us affectionately, and gave a pleased assent to passages of Scripture which were repeated. Soon after seven o'clock his breathing became very laborious. His lips were purple, cold, and rigid. With great effort he gave the last farewell to friends beside him. At times he raised his eyes, and his lips moved in prayer. He beckoned to us and made endeavors to speak, but only a few words were intelligible. Once we distinguished clearly, — "Heart at home — heart at home. Heaven — part down here — part up there."

"Is Jesus with you?"

"Yes."

A verse from his favorite hymn was read:

> "And when my lips grow white and chill,
> Thy Spirit cry within me still,
> And help my soul thy heaven to find,
> When these poor eyes grow dark and blind."

He smiled feebly. Another verse was read:

> "Renew this wasted flesh of mine,
> That like the sun it there may shine,
> Among the angels pure and bright,
> Yea, like thyself in glorious light."

He shook his head, as if to disclaim an expression which he felt to be not in harmony with a lowly spirit. The last words he uttered were, "I shall soon be with Christ."

His gaze became steadfast. He seemed no more to look at us, or to be conscious of our presence. We spoke his name, but there was no response. We pressed his hand, but the pressure was not returned. He breathed more and more gently, until with a long sigh he fell asleep.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral was on Monday afternoon, July 23. At two o'clock there were services at the house, after which the casket bearing the remains of the departed, and inscribed with the words so often upon his lips, — "I rest in Jesus," — was conveyed to the Vine Street Church.

The first prayer was offered by Rev. Professor H. B. Smith, of New York. Rev. J. O. Means, pastor of the church, read from the Scriptures. Rev. A. C. Thompson, of the Eliot Church, addressed the assembly. The services were closed with prayer and the benediction by Rev. S. L. Caldwell, of Providence, R. I.

The hymns sung had been selected by Mr. Little for the occasion, from the Sabbath Hymn Book. They were the following:

"Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

"Pity and save my ruined soul;
'T is thou alone canst make me whole:
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

"At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only thine.

"What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, — but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, — but thou hast died!"

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

"Oh, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

"My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I 'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

"When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song."

A company of sorrowing friends followed in the procession to Forest Hills Cemetery, "and beheld the sepulchre and how the body was laid." The

casket was placed beside the grave, and opened once more. While we stood silent, the sunlight, partially broken by shadows of the trees near by, shone upon the countenance of the dead. It was said afterwards by one who looked upon the scene, "I could only think of Stephen, — we 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.'"

The peaceful sleeper was laid to rest. Words of trust and hope were spoken: by Rev. Mr. Means, —

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we commit the body of our dear brother to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in the assured hope of a glorious resurrection and blessed immortality through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath declared, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

"We sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

And by Rev. G. M. Adams, —

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the

saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Grace be unto us, and peace, from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come; and from the seven Spirits which are before his throne; and from Jesus Christ, who is the Faithful Witness, and the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

ADDRESS

BY REV. A. C. THOMPSON,

PASTOR OF THE ELIOT CHURCH, ROXBURY, MASS.

ADDRESS.

When God speaks by such a providence as this, man may well be silent. We would listen to His word; we would meditate; we would bend tearfully over these remains; we would silently follow the departed spirit to the general assembly and church of the first-born, rather than open our lips to one another.

How mysterious! is the first thought. How strange that the Lord of the harvest should by long discipline prepare a servant for the noblest work on earth, and then at the very noonday of his labors, and amidst multiplying sheaves, take him from the field! The chill of autumn comes over us in midsummer. We are startled and half bewildered.

God thus reminds us of his independence and his sovereignty. Does he stand in need of any man, — the young man, the strong man, the scholar or the preacher? One is taken and another left. Stephen falls early; Epaphroditus recovers from his sickness nigh unto death. Under the Divine government, does

anything merely happen? Is not all planned? Shall we hesitate to confide in our heavenly Father's wisdom and loving-kindness? Shall one murmuring thought be entertained?

The sealed lips here before us would open in rebuke. It is only a few weeks since they uttered these words: "I have such sweet thoughts of God's sovereignty, and of the wonderful love of the blessed Saviour! Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful!" And again: "The inexorable purpose of God has been to take me away now; but he is doing it *so* gently. Oh, I ought to be very thankful. Yes, it is his *inexorable* purpose, notwithstanding the anguish, the anguish, the anguish of my prayers in Paris."

The strong desire to live, for the sake of his family and parish, gave place to the most complete resignation. His dread of suffering, and his anxiety in regard to the long conflict before him, passed wholly away. "I am *glad* to suffer, if it is the Lord's will," was his testimony. Then came strong desires to depart and be with Christ; but his earnest petitions for release from earth were replaced by "nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." He attained the higher triumph of being resigned to live. When the words of a dying relative were repeated to him, "All will be well to-morrow," he replied, "All is well to-day."

It is only under the rod, and by special instruction from the Holy Spirit, enlightening the heart with an apprehension of Bible truth, that such attainments are

made in the higher branches of Christian experience. God's Word alone contains and conveys such lessons. Our friend — I speak on this occasion of the period since his late arrival in this city — our friend and brother fed altogether upon that heavenly manna. When Scripture portions were repeated to him at night, he derived great comfort from them, saying, "That's sweet, — that's very precious."

He was much impressed with the passage, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," — remarking that "the Scriptures seem to exhaust language to express the tenderness of God's love." He could seldom speak of the Bible without a tremor of voice, his eyes filling with tears. "Oh, this precious book. How much I have read it!"

From that blessed volume we gather that life, simply in itself considered, and apart from its high ends, has no value; and that the most useful persons are not necessarily those who live the longest. The value of work done for Christ is not to be estimated by the time spent in it. One may be young in years, yet old in hours, old in service. Was not our friend's pastoral life of ten years a long one, measured by the warm attachments which he won to himself; measured by the souls saved, and by the spiritual aid and comfort ministered to Christ's people?

It is our estimate of him, my friends, not his self-estimate, that I speak of. "Satan has been troubling me for two or three days," he remarked, "with what you said about my having done some good.

I'm afraid I shall think too much of it, — so much, as to make the superabounding love of God seem less."

Within the last few months he passed through severe spiritual conflicts, and had overwhelming views of sinfulness. Would you fain approach his Gethsemane, and see the cup of wormwood and gall he is tasting? He exclaimed earnestly and with tears, "Oh, my sins are too great to be forgiven! Yes, they are too great. Yet I believe God will forgive me; but I feel as if I could not say one word if he should sink me in hell."

Referring to his late homeward voyage: "On board the Vanderbilt, it seemed to me that my sins carried me to the outmost bounds; but Christ's love seemed so wonderful that it reached me even there, and there I rested. Oh, the wondrous love of Christ!" Yes, the Angel of the covenant appeared, and strengthened him. "You must not always think I am unhappy when I weep; some of my happiest moments are when I am melted into tears of penitence and love." At another time, when asked why he wept, the reply was, "Oh, I am thinking of the love of Christ, and the amazing love of God. 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

His apprehension of the presence, the love, and the atoning righteousness of Jesus Christ, was peculiarly clear and comforting. It was said to him,

"You have pleasant thoughts, I trust." "I don't know," he replied, "as I have any thoughts; I rest in Jesus; that is all." When reminded, in his tears, that Jesus wept; "Oh yes, I know it; but Jesus had the immense burden of the world's sins laid upon him."

Turning over the leaves of a well worn Bible, to the eighth chapter of Romans, he put his finger upon verse thirty-seventh: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us;" and said, "read from there through." — "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

And when the reading was finished, — "That is the most precious passage in the whole book." Even after delirium, with its painful vagaries, had set in, the soul clung still to the Mighty One. He would repeat three times, "Blessed Jesus," — and then three times, "Precious Saviour"; "I glory in the cross of Christ; I glory in the cross of Christ; that's certain."

He preached Christ to the last. His full purpose, or rather sanctified instinct, in sickness, seemed to be to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

And is his work now done, even on earth? The individual life is indeed cut short; the lips are closed; but, dear friends, do not his words breathe still? Do you not still feel the pulsations of a living heart?

Christ declares that the fruit of his ministerial servants shall abide. And does it not continue? Are they not efficient on earth long after their removal to heaven?

Upon this casket we read, "Aged thirty-eight years"; but that was only the period of his personal presence with us. A silent activity in more circles than one, here below, is to go on still. Except in one respect, that will soon be an obsolete record.

"Aged thirty-eight years!" Many an inscription on cherished stones which mark the resting-place of Christian ministers shows a near, if not exact coincidence. So reads the monument of that earnest and gifted man[1] whose "Great Concern of Salvation" has for a century and a half been blessed to the conversion of so many souls. Samuel Davies, too, second, perhaps, to no one in the American pulpit of the last century; — one hundred years have not effaced the record in marble, "aged 38"; still less have they effaced his name from memory, or his influence from the community. And long time will it be before our country will forget the imaginative and graceful Nevins, who at the same period of life rested from his labors. So did one who, within our recollection, commenced his ministerial life under the shadow of Bunker Hill; who, also seeking for improved health abroad, turned back from Paris to die among his native hills.[2]

[1] Thomas Halyburton.

[2] Rev. John Humphrey.

Your thoughts anticipate me in recurring to the North burial-ground at Hartford, Connecticut. It was even a year younger, that one so at home in the amenities of Christian life, with a beaming eye, a radiant countenance, a soul of fire, and a heart of world-embracing benevolence, suddenly closed his career, but not his usefulness. Does delicacy forbid me to repeat the name of Elias Cornelius? A personal friend of his, a well-known pastor in the city just named, preached on that occasion from the words, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." A little son of that now venerable pastor, too young to attend the solemn service, grew to be himself a preacher; but within the time that our brother here literally began to die, that son, the sole surviving hope of parental hearts, has been brought to the paternal home for funeral obsequies.[1] O Saviour, support those stricken parents' hearts! Was it in unkindness that thou didst pray the Father to take thine own to be where thou art? Alas, if thine intercessory petition had not included preachers of the Gospel! Alas, if the prophets had to live here always! How much would be wanting in heaven if there were no young ministers there!

The deceased friend, whose remains are now before us, had refreshing antepasts of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Waking up at one time, he began to weep, and said, "I was gazing at the

[1] Rev. J. Erskine Hawes.

throne of God and the Lamb, the sublimest object in that magnificent place; and I shall always gaze upon it. Oh, it is wonderful." And later, with a smile, "How blessed will it be when we meet beside the river of the water of life." Messages to various friends were usually concluded with the hope that he should meet them before the throne of God and of the Lamb, and beside the river of the water of life.

It was remarked to him, "How much better for you to go than to suffer here any longer." "Oh yes, infinitely better. I am going to the city of glory, and I shall have the longer time to spend there, because I leave this world so early."

"You remember that last verse in my German hymn,

> 'Ah! then I have my heart's desire,
> When singing with the angels' choir;
> Among the ransomed of thy grace,
> Forever I behold thy face.'

"If I have any verse on my tombstone, I should like that; and if I have any passage of Scripture upon it, I think of no other I prefer to this — 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.'"

We are reminded of Dr. Archibald Alexander, who said, on his death-bed, "All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass: 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

Ah, brethren, it is not as preachers that we are to be laid low by disease, and to take our leave of this world; it is as men that we must die; and that we are to be saved, if saved at all. While Death does not respect our calling any more than our costume, the Lord will not accept the sacredness of our office in place of an atoning Saviour. What we, just as much as the weakest and humblest of our flocks, need for our own souls' support and comfort in the last trying hours, and at all times. is the simple assurances of Holy Writ, the plainest of those promises, exceeding great and precious. Be it the living and dying treasure, and the epitaph of each of us, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

But we have not yet seen this our brother draw his final breath. For full three weeks it seemed each day that dissolution must take place. The thread of life was drawn out to extremest tenuity. There were times when none but the most delicate tests revealed breath or pulse. At length the desired hour came. His last intelligible words were: "I shall soon be with Christ;" and on Friday morning July the 20th, at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Yes, dear brother, thou wast soon with Christ! Thou didst first of all behold the throne of God and of the Lamb! Thou hast begun thine everlasting Sabbath! Is not the Great Shepherd and Bishop of

souls leading thee beside the river of the water of life? Thou hadst an infirmity thirty and eight years, but Christ hath made thee whole.

Friends outside of the family circle, friends from abroad, it is chiefly for your sakes that these particulars of the last two months have been given. What he was in the recent weeks of decline, you now behold; what he had been before, was known to you.

You who received him as pastor in the warmth of first love, and from whom his failing health alone occasioned separation, tender regard and respect have brought you from a distant city to share in the obsequies of this afternoon. "Come, behold, what desolations God hath made in the earth!" "Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away."

Friends of West Newton, your shepherd has been smitten; your spiritual guardian and guide will go in and out before you no more. Not soon will you forget the last church-meeting and the last Lord's day when he ministered to you; nor his words, shortly before decease, to one of your office-bearers: "I am almost home. I am so weak that all I can do is to rest in Jesus. Christ is all. — The anticipation of the joys and the glory of the heavenly city is very precious to me — very precious. I try to wait patiently until Jesus shall come and take me to himself." Would you recall him from such society and such service on high? Would you recall a previous youthful pastor, the predecessor, classmate, and personal friend of this one, and who was laid

low in a strange similiarity of afflictive providence? What, you inquire, — what means this singular parallelism of bereavement? Joseph is not; Benjamin is not. But you did not send them, God took them away; and whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Let the first minister of this place, John Eliot, speak to you. For two hundred years have the remains of his son and namesake, a youthful pastor in Newton, reposed in your ancient cemetery. Whenever it was said such and such an one is dead, the venerated apostle was wont to answer: "Well, but God lives! Christ lives! the Saviour of New England yet lives! and he will reign till all his enemies are made his footstool."

Brethren in the ministry, God is admonishing us all. You, my dear brother, at home within these walls, and presiding amidst these solemnities, were a classmate of the deceased — others here were classmates — in academic and in sacred studies. Fond memory and fond hearts are full to overflow with recollections of joyous and of hallowed scenes in the past. His fraternal friendship suggested who should be pall-bearers to-day. Between man and man there are no attachments in this world like those of congenial hearts in the ministry of reconciliation. Once a minister, always a minister, and with the sanctified friendships ripening through endless ages. "My ministry is my life," said Adolphe Monod, on his couch of lingering martyrdom, "and I feel that when I can no longer perform my ministry, I shall be withdrawn to exercise a better ministry elsewhere."

So, too, once a singer, with the spirit and with the understanding, always a singer. Do you not remember our brother's saying he would like to lead a choir in heaven? You miss a voice this afternoon; but is it not heard clear and strong in another temple? Hearken, brethren, — we hear it: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

The hymns for the present occasion were of his selection. He at first designated another, but afterwards thought it too jubilant.

"What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

"This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

"Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!"

Sisters and brothers, you do not deem that there is too much exultation for him in those strains. It

is in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, that you now commit these precious remains to their resting-place. The Lord will ere long come to our Bethany, and then shall this brother rise from the tomb. His body only now sleepeth. We do not say, "He is no more"; there is life, and love, and activity for him in the paradise of God. Are not those best prepared to die, and to live and labor in another world, who are best fitted to live and labor here?

There is one sanctuary of grief, the more immediate desolated domestic circle, within which none but privileged feet may enter, — the feet of Him who comes to the sepulchre, and saith, "Mary"! who comes to the heart's most secret chamber, saying, "Peace be unto you; my peace I give unto you!" Where Christ is, there is hallowed joy, — there is heaven.

Dear Madam, next to the words of Jesus, those words, almost the last that were whispered in your ear, will always bring solace, — will always be your more than golden keepsake: "Heaven part down here, — part up there."

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."